February 18, 1983 #204 Registered by Australia Post — Publication No. NBP 1333 (USA: $1.25, NZ: $1.25) *$1.00.

Nationwide **ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE** Included

RAM

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS
SIMON & GARFUNKEL UB40
HITMEN GLENN SHORROCK
GEORGE CLINTON GOLDRUSH

Special Features:
ROCK IN RUSSIA
HOME RECORDING
— The New 4-Tracks

Be An Extortionist!
Win
the DEAD KENNEDYS!

TOOTS

King Reggae

ON THE INSIDE

4 **Liftout ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE (and 29)**

7 **UB40 Return; GOLDRUSH Reform**

8 **PROFESSOR HUMP'N'FUNK**
PAOLO HEWIT meets GEORGE CLINTON, the crazy-like-a-fox creator of Parliament and Funkadelic

11 **THE HITMEN**
STEVE-the-KULAK with JOHNNY-the-KANNIS

12 **THE DANGLING COMBINATION**
PHIL STAFFORD wanders through the mists of SIMON & GARFUNKEL

14 **RUSSIAN ROCK**
Is there Bop after Budapest? Can the Kremlin cope?

16 **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS — King Reggae**
By GREG TAYLOR

19 **GLENN SHORROCK**
Flying solo with ANDREW McMILLAN

20 **MUSO's WORLD**
The new 4-track tape recorders

22 **CHARTZ**

25 **SEEN & HEARD**
You want albums? We've got bulk, heaps, more than quite-a-few even...

CONGRATULATIONS — IT'S A TROY!

Referring to your article on "THE LOOK, Oz Rock Style '82", December isue 1982: on page 11 the small article on "Shane gels with company" has one small mistake. His companion, believe it or not, has a name, and it is TROY.

Troy has been a nervous wreck ever since reading your slightly vague article and would greatly appreciate you referring to him as TROY in a February 1983 edition of RAM magazine.

Sincerely yours,
"One of Troy's many fans".

I AM SO DISGUSTED..

RAM magazine would have to be one of, if not the most, shit music (supposedly music) magazines that I have ever had the misfortune of reading. I wouldn't pay a cent for the magazine, the only reason I get to read it is because I can get copies of it for nothing from a record shop in Centrepoint. I am so disgusted that a pathetic publication such as this one is allowed to circulate around the place. The writers have absolutely NO IDEA of what they are writing; (in the October issue of the record reviews, the dope commenting on Jackson Browne's song *Somebody's Baby* did nothing but pull the song to shreds, saying that it had a recycled chorus. If you ask me, all of your brains are recycled as well. Shove your stupid opinions, why don't you just be fair for a change and give a fair and unbiased opinion of what the songs are like?

I noticed you did a big writeup on the Machinations and Dynamic Hepnotics. Who the hell are they anyway? They sound like a disease. Stuff you and your punk music, whatever happened to some good old articles on American music. Nobody writes music like the Americans. For a start — you take away all the American hits listed in the Top 40 and what do you have left? Nothing but punk crap and Australian and British has-beens. Are you ever gonna wake up to yourselves?

Definitely NOT a RAM fan

We seem to be doing a perfectly satisfactory job of pissing you off in our sleep...

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

I am writing to stick up for Greg Taylor. I read "ME"'s letter in RAM (Jan. 7th, 1982,) and think that he/she/it has gone a bit overboard. I appreciate the fact that Icehouse are good, but nobody is perfect, not even Iva Davies. I saw Icehouse at Surfair International (Qld) on November 6th last and thought that they were brilliant, but not without fault. Judging by what I saw, Greg Taylor's assessment was quite accurate and very fair. Don't get me wrong, I love Icehouse, but I'm a realist.

Signed,
The Other Side Of Me

Agreement, support, fair-minded appreciation... this can't be the RAM Readers we know!

NARARA CHILD CARE OUTRAGE

I would like to reply to certain remarks in your "Transit Lounge" page of RAM, January 21st. 1983, in the NARARA '83 Article, sub-heading "CHILD CARE".

I strongly object to your inference that young children brought to the event should be spending all their time with the adults they came with, rather than enjoying themselves for part of the day in the child-care area.

The organisers of NARARA '83 should, instead, be congratulated on using their time, energy and efforts to make this event such an enjoyable occasion for the very young. They have arranged for a safe, secure creche, with a huge marquee, sand-pit, wading pool and playground equipment, painting and play materials, and special entertainment, all at no cost to the parents, and aimed at the under eight-year-olds, that group so often ignored by the Australian Music Industry.

Kirk Co-Operative Primary School, an alternative inner-city community school, has been employed to supervise the child-care area, and care for any "Lost Kids", who, we all hope, will not be "orphans for more than a few minutes", but, thanks to the organisers of NARARA '83, at least their waiting time will be a pleasant one. I hope you will print this reply to your sarcasm. Child care should not be the sole responsibility of parents. There are no childless people!

Yours Sincerely,
Yvonne Gluyas.

"Obviously if you didn't feel like spending a fair bit of time with the children you came with, why did you bring them along..." hardly infers "all the time". There was no intention to be sarcastic, Ms. Gluyas, nor to belittle Narara arrangements. Our comment was merely a warning to parents not to abuse what sounds like an excellent and sensible facility.

WE'LL NEVER LOOK AT ANOTHER GOAT

Hi, How are you? My Name is Stella, (the lonely sheep), and I was just wondering if we could just mosey on down the local sheep dip and watch the hunky Rams & sheep having a bath?

You'll find me quite attractive, 'cos quite recently I've had my fleece shorn and now it's grown back in blonde silky tufts and all other Rams find me quite sexually attractive but I've always had my eyes on ewe.

This letter proves that Ram magazine is only for sheep.

Love from
Stella,
(Old MacDonald's Farm)

IT AIN'T THE SIZE, IT'S THE MUSCLE...

Twenty-eight pages, eh?

Now, don't try to tell me that by using less paper you're saving rainforests, because I won't believe a word of it. Even if it's true. NO, really, you can't expect anyone of any intelligence to lay out $1.00 for twenty-eight pages of dubious interest. Didn't anything happen for a fortnight?

Now, I would like to see you go back to Issue No. 201 and this time *do it right*, and then I might buy it.

Incidentally, the article on Australian bands in America was the most excruciatingly flat piece of literature I have ever encountered. Who are you employing — Clarabelle Cow?

Where is Annie Burton now we need her?

Affection, as always,
Anastassia Keraskacek

A slightly closer look at Issue 201 will reveal that it actually contained one more page of editorial content than usual. Guess you, like us, really notice the post-Christmas drop in ad pages...

CHECKLIST

I have but three things to say:

1. New Order's first single is not called *Celebration* or *Symphony*, it's called *CEREMONY*. When will they get it right? Heaven knows it's got to be this time! A certain person must be spinning in his grave right now, but whatever you call it, it's one of the best songs you'll ever hear.

2. My younger brother has just told me that someone on radio 2SM (of all people) had announced that the Riptides have just split up. Perhaps you can tell me if this is true or not. Either way, it would be the first time a station like 2SM has acknowledged the band's existence. Perhaps if they had played the Riptides' music in the first place they would not have to announce their demise now. Oh well, another one bites the dust; and they say that Australia doesn't have any decent bands! No fucking wonder!

3. Now that RAM is down to 28 pages (somehow I can't see it putting on weight again), you should take the opportunity to shed useless articles, like reviews of ABBA albums, for example. There was a time when RAM would have nothing to do with this sort of crap, and there was also a time when Timmy McGee used to review stuff like Cabaret Voltaire, Pere Ubu, the Durutti Column and Swell Maps. Still, I suppose he is a journalist first, music lover second.

S. Righteous.

1. Didn't we settle all that in this page months ago?
2. Correct — see TRANSIT LOUNGE.
3. See the preceding letter... Cut to the quick, young Tim (Mr. McGee to you) has left Australia for the UK, presumably to find out if Pere Ubu is as real as Abba...

YOU HAD TO ASK FOR IT...

With disgust, I note that, predictably, you have omitted to include a review of Gotham City's *Radioactive* album in your "Oz Albums Overview '82" (December 24 issue).

I feel (and I'm certainly not alone in my opinion), that this is one of the most versatile and innovative albums to come out of Oz this decade, and certainly rates even one of *your* scathing reviews.

Perhaps I expect too much, after all, you are only representative of the Australian media mentality, and wouldn't have the guts to get behind something a little different. Consider this, in light of the fact that you bother to review the latest Icehouse album — a group that can only re-arrange other people's works. Keep it up boys, waste your jism on plagiarism and uphold our back-water culture.

Sincerely,
Viveca Wellsdene

From two issues back...

sorry to disappoint you, but it's probably the worst Australian album of the year, though the highly original band

(RAM #201)

NON-COMMITTAL

Although I may feel like an idiot when a reviewer pans an album which I had intended to buy or had already bought, I do not reach for my pen and write a scathing letter to the author of the bad review because, I mean, everyone is entitled to their opinion, and besides, if I really like a band, bad publicity is not going to make me think to myself "God, if it's that bad I won't bother to give it a test."

But, truly, I would have been happier if I had discovered Psychedelic Furs' *Forever Now* album on your all-time blacklist than to instead read a whole lot of album sleeve credit info and song snippets which any fool could have read for themselves upon buying the album. There was nothing in your review which would make a non-fan want to even have a listen to the album.

I mean, the review was all very interesting and all that, but hardly makes for album sales does it? It is alright for fans like me to think "Stupid Git! He probably didn't even play the album through!", but that doesn't matter because you'll never know and I'll still listen to the album and probably buy it too. But I feel sorry for non-Furs fans who, thanks to your totally non-informative review, have probably decided "What a yawn!"

I am not asking you to write a whole load of rose-coloured garbage if you really hated the album. But I am annoyed that you think that everyone out here is so easily pleased that they will let a totally non-committal review slip into obsurity without a protest. Does losing a few fans scare you so much that you must cheapen your profession by pleasing *everyone*? Or is this some new sales pitch: say nothing and excite interest? (Well, it worked for New Order — but look at how quickly everyone is waking up to them.)

Sam.

One can't win... after years of people drumming their little heels on the floor and screeching about emotional self-opinionated reviewers shoving their valuation of a record down the readers' throat... Up comes a nice objective this-is-what-it-is review and you want it to get back on the soapbox.

AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE
From a 'Breathless Aussie Blow-In'

Despite more than a little resentment at finding myself described as a 'breathless Aussie blow-in' by Keri Phillips in issue 201, while in New York I *was* indignant at the scant attention given to the Australian music scene, and with good reason.

Although radio was only briefly mentioned in the article ("Oz Rock American Breakthrough"), it deserves closer scrutiny. Radio airplay is fiercely competitive, and dominated by the interests of big money. Even worse, the AOR programming base, both in New York and across the country, is narrow, and aimed primarily at a white male audience between the ages of 14-24. The stations are afraid of alienating their audiences and advertisers by cultural crossover — you never hear Bruce Springsteen on KTU or in the Bronx, and the AOR stations never play the funk experimentalists, or even more mainstream black artists like Rick James. The broad base exists, fighting for survival and its share of the market, but it originates off Manhattan, and emits too weak a signal to be picked up by ordinary receivers in the urban jungle.

In addition to this, AOR is heavily stacked against independents. The small guys struggle against the record industry moguls for critical exposure for the best new bands in New York. One friend, who owns a small label called Jimboco, expresses delight on one hand, as it allows him to sign excellent new acts, and despair at the seemingly insurmountable task of gaining exposure for these mainstream rejects.

Returning to Sydney and listening to 2JJJ in the small hours, I was struck by two things. Firstly, the lack of professionalism, with some appalling interviews going to air, and sticky records left spinning on turntables while our erstwhile DJ steps out for a piss. But that's par for the course for this station, and gives a human quality at once endearing and mildly frustrating. Surprise two: the broad base of the station's programming, ranging from MOR to funk, to heavy metal, to reggae, to rap to techno rock and back again. Despite programming compromises for daytime listeners (which deserve criticism from Sydney independents), 2JJJ makes New York sound like Hicksville. This must be having an effect on the potential for sound in Australia, if we assume that the listening public also buys records and supports bands.

The other deadly aspect of the American industry is the stranglehold of the heavy metal bands on the AOR airways and the Music Television rock station. I'm not saying that heavy metal is bad, it's just that in America, it all sounds the same. There is a plethora of heavy metal bands in the States, selling heaps of records, and attracting thousands to gigs. It explains the disillusion of the Stray Cats, who are only now being 'discovered' by their homeland, and the surprise of A Flock of Seagulls, whose tour took off in the same way as Men at Work's.

While the situation is certainly much more complicated than it appears to one breathless Aussie blow-in who phoned me, indignant about the lack of American interest in what she felt was Australian music in full flower — after all, the Americans invented the damn form, why should they be interested in our idiosyncratic version of it? — this certainly is a good time for Aussie bands here. There is a general receptiveness.

(RAM #201)

The only conclusion I could reach was that the heavy metal bands consistently *put out* on stage. Look at Van Halen sometime, and tell me they're not exciting to watch. Springsteen and the E Street Band, REO Speedwagon and the Stones are the only bands who can predict sellout tours across the country, and they all have exciting performance in common. America responds to spectacle — it's not good enough any more to stand up and play. In New York for instance, I saw the immensely popular Tom Verlaine play a motionless gig at the packed out Peppermint Lounge to a largely indifferent audience, while George Thorogood, until recently signed to a small independent, blew the roof off at Staten Island with his energy.

The Men at Work video undoubtedly sold as many albums as their public appearances and radio airplay. (A side issue, but worth a mention: what about the guy who makes the video? There are no copyright laws anywhere which give the creative director royalties, but artists sell thousands of records through imaginative, dynamic clips.) Audiences were not disappointed by Men at Work. The crazy guys portrayed in the clip were *there* on stage. Colin Hay's vocal style and stage presence make him a compelling figure. I saw few bands play Men at Work's brand of lilting ballads to a rock'n'roll audience and hold it so spellbound.

All this is to say that I think Australia *does* have something to offer the American public musically. We've been pounded by influences from the States and the U.K. for twenty years now, and music here is coming of age in the same way as film, theatre writing and dance are. Of the commercially successful bands here, the Divinyls, INXS, Midnight Oil and Jo Jo Zep, to name a few would do well. Bands like the Globos and the Reels, with a new emphasis on performance, would make good exports, and there are many not-so-well-known bands signed to independents which should at least be available to be heard in the States. That some of these bands also have excellent clips helps — the sooner they appear on MTV (boring in its repetition), the better.

As for the lone Aussie who had a total rage for three months in New York, having arrived without knowing a single soul — wouldn't it leave all but the most cynical amongst us a little breathless? More importantly, the quality of current Australian music has me hooked, and will take me back to live in New York to promote the exchange of independent material between here and there. Australia is more confident than ever before in its creative product, and the hybrid form of its musical influences is accessible, *energetic* and appealing. Men At Work, Australian cheddar and *Gallipoli* have at last made it possible for a more balanced exchange between the two countries. Viva Australia!

DOODIE HERMAN

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE

Can George Melly keep his feet warm? No wuckin' furries. . .

TOURS TOURS TOURS

The influx continues. . . latest confirmed additions to the large number of overseas acts visiting Oz during February/March are DIRE STRAITS, CLIFF RICHARD, RALPH McTELL and GEORGE MELLY.

George who? George Melly the outrageous English jazz-blues singer, self-styled art expert, author, husband, father, libertine, boozer, that's who. Melly was poncing around the UK to a rabid cult audience during the trad. revival of the 50s; 'retired' during the 60s to take up writing, then slipped back into performing in the early 70s with the like-minded souls who accompany him on this tour (collectively known as JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS.)

Hopefully we'll have more Melly next issue; meanwhile check him out via the RAM Entertainment Guide. He's a hell of a lot funnier than Cliff Richard. . .

CAPITOL To Close?

Sydney Council Debates Future.

The Capitol Theatre in Sydney's Haymarket may face closure if differences between its owners, the Sydney City Council, and the lessees, Gladwyne Pty. Ltd. are not resolved. The Capitol is the only inner city venue of a realistic size available to most international touring rock acts.

The dispute on one hand involves massive repairs and improvements required by the Council, and on the other, Gladwyne's desire for a long-term lease. The SCC, which owns virtually the whole city block on which the theatre stands, is currently undecided on whether the area may be razed and redeveloped in the near future, and thus has kept the lease at a two-year term. Gladwyne are baulking at spending anything between $75,000 and a quarter of a million without the security of more than two years in which to recoup the investment.

The lower figure refers to really urgent repairs, in particular to the floor, part of which collapsed two years ago during a Madness concert. (The theatre is built over an underground spring, which does little to help the rot situation.) The higher estimate is what it could cost to restore the Capitol to something like its original splendour.

Last week, two OS acts (George Thorogood and John Martyn) didn't play the Capitol as advertised; Gladwyne couldn't confirm the booking contracts. Now however the Council has allowed the repairs to be postponed until after it meets on February 21, and all advertised concerts in the near future will be going ahead.

Speaking for Gladwyne, promoter Michael Coppel said: "It's an unfortunate situation for rock both in Sydney and in the rest of the country. For Sydney, the Capitol is the only appropriate venue for many tours and big Australian acts: the Regent won't take anything more energetic than Dire Straits, the Hordern is too big to be economically feasible, and Selina's is not geared to the door price required for those sort of acts.

"But if promoters don't have a suitable venue in Sydney, it could make a lot of tours very dubious, 'cos Sydney is by far the strongest concert market in Australia — you can hope for thirty to forty per cent of your business there."

The SCC would probably try to suggest that the nearly completed Entertainment Centre would fill the gap if the Capitol was closed. But most entrepreneurs suspect that the Centre's fees would put it out of reach of all but the most commercial acts. If you think it'd be nicer to have a restored and redecorated concert theatre rather than another hotel, shopping or convention centre, why not write to the Lord Mayor (Alderman Douglas Sutherland) at the Sydney Town Hall, and tell him so?

Lene sez: "Bebe, I just lof to vail!" (Pic: Simon Fowler/LFI)

Lene Lovich is back to her old trade of dubbing weird screeches and wails onto horror movie soundtracks — no, we don't mean the Linda McCartney solo album, though Lene has also contributed to that intriguing little project. The movie is called *Attila*, and Lene helped out while on a recent visit to Italy. Her season with the stage show *Mata Hari* complete, she can now indulge such whims, plus (presumably) promote the new album promised next month.

Another chart-plugging scandal has surfaced in England, and at the centre of it is **Men At Work.** Allegations have been made in the London *Sun* that CBS has the *Down Under* single as one of three on which a 25% discount is offered at selected stores — which just happen to be chart return shops. The Men's management and CBS have expressed shock and dismay at the allegations, pointing out that after hitting No. 1 in America who needs to hype?

Even through **Men At Work** are currently repeating their American megasuccess in England *(Down Under* is No. 2 in London this week), they've come in for their share of media-bashing, particularly from the renownedly acidic rock paper, *New Musical Express*. During the course of a live review of a gig at London's The Venue, the band was described as "competent musically, if not imaginative" — and that was the *good* bit. Elsewhere, we are told that the Men "have definite tendencies towards MOR —not a particularly unpleasant sound, just boring". A rather dubious comparison is drawn between the vocals of Colin Hay and Sting, a fact the reviewer found "sickening".

She did grant the band "one saving grace" however, and that was "the flute playing, which popped up occasionally to perk up the otherwise stodgy fare". Oh yeah, she liked *Down Under*, which was described glowingly as a "poppy little ditty extolling the praises of the southern hemisphere".Praise indeed. It seems the days of the English music press finding favour with other Oz acts like The Birthday Party, Go-Betweens and the recently disbanded Laughing Clowns have departed.

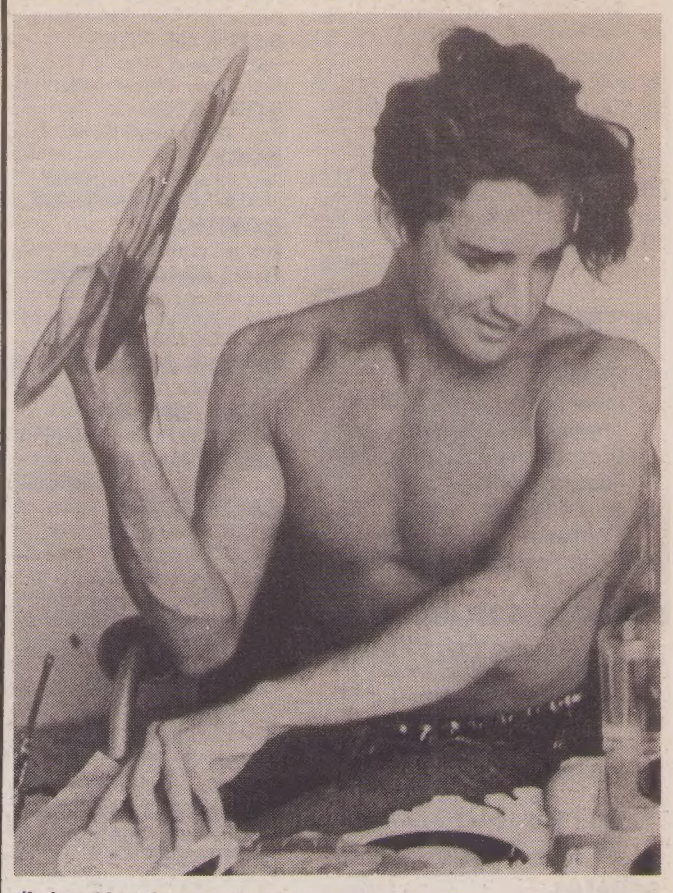
Out of dire straits with **Dire Straits**. . .Melbourne-based promoter Gary Van Egmond surprised many observers last week when he announced he would be running one of the biggest tours around next month. *(See Entertainment Guide, page 4).* Apparently Dire Straits enjoyed working with him last time they visited, and were happy to repeat the association; but in the meantime, Van Egmond had gone into 'voluntary liquidation' late last year following several unsuccessful tours.

Hopefully the diverse creditors from that period will experience the same relief Mr. Van Egmond would have felt.

RAM missed out on lunch last Monday. An appointment with reps. of one of Sydney's newest record companies, **Style**, was cancelled right on napkin time by the news that its founder, **Mr. Henry Wong,** had been picked up by the constabulary over the weekend to assist them with enquiries about some large amounts of money that have gone astray. . .

IGNATIUS — Back On The Chain Gang

Following his sensational debut as a rock critic last issue, IGNATIUS JONES has taken up typing courses (true) and flung himself into a new career (well, almost). Unfortunately his record company lived up to their name — Wombat Records — by signing Iggy's life away to some American record company called WEA. Apparently *Like A Ghost* is a big selling import on the West Coast: a three-track EP will be released this month, and the deal talks about *six* albums. "God! It's just. . .it's just *hell!*" sobbed the frustrated young rock journo.



'Is breaking them easier than making them?' wonders Ignatius. (Pic: Rhonda Thwaite)

FALLing About In Oz

The Fall's Australasian tour of last year seems to have left a lasting impression on the band's frontman, Mark E. Smith, noted for his affability and self-effacing modesty. In a recent *NME* interview, he let fly with a few perceptive observations on the Oz music industry and the country in general.

"Their music scene is all smug and sewn up — expatriates from London rule the roost and all the people who work for the companies are the laziest people under the sun.

"The country was like a perverted Britain. They have rock shows on TV every day, hours of videos from Britain — we took a video out there and they showed about ten seconds of it because it was technically so bad. Like, it's either A Flock Of Seagulls or Simple Minds or heavy rock as an alternative. The Aussies were expecting a British new wave type band and they didn't get on with what we were doing at all.

"But *Totally Wired* was a big number there 'cos it's what Australian beer's all about."

Seems New Zealand was an ever bigger hit with Smith: "It was dead good! Everything's so slow there, it's like 1954. We were in the fuckin' Top 20 there, which means about 600 records sold, but it's a big thing. It was full of surprises y'know. I mean, there's loads of skinheads there. You always class them as the same as Australians but they were really different — like Scotland and bloody England."

And Smith reckons the best thing about the whole tour was getting away from "the whole English scene"!

Mark E. Smith

RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

OS TOURS

GEORGE MELLY
February
8,9 Queensland Jazz Club, Brisbane
10 Southern Cross Club, Canberra
11-19 Kinselas (late show), Sydney
20,22,23,26 Beaconsfield Hotel, Melbourne
24,25 Derwent Hotel, Geelong

DIRE STRAITS
March
5-7 Hordern, Sydney
11,12 Festival Hall, Brisbane
15 Canberra Sports Centre
17 Memorial Hall, Melbourne
19-21 Festival Hall, Melbourne
24 Entertainment Centre, Perth

CLIFF RICHARD
February
18,19 Festival Hall, Melbourne
23 Bruce Stadium, Canberra
26 Festival Hall, Brisbane
March
1,2 Hordern, Sydney
7 Apollo Stadium, Adelaide
12 Entertainment Centre, Perth

RALPH McTELL
February
12 Newcastle Workers Club
13 Sydney Town Hall
14 St. Patrick's Hall, Toowoomba
15 Mayne Hall, Brisbane
16 Lismore
17 Coffs Harbour
18 Rose Shamrock & Thistle, Balmain (Sydney)
19 Queanbeyan Leagues (Canberra)
20 Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
22 Wangaratta Town Hall
23 Performing Arts Centre, Geelong
24 Launceston
25 University of Tasmania
26 Opera House, Adelaide
27 Regent Theatre, Perth

PETER TOSH
March
10 Hordern, Sydney
14 Myer Music Bowl, Melb.
17 Thebarton, Adelaide
21 Entertainment Centre, Perth
24 Festival Hall, Brisbane
27 Bruce Sports Centre, Canberra
28 Civic Theatre, Newcastle

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
4 Palais Theatre, Melbourne
7 Traralgon Astrodome
11 Thebarton Town Hall, Adelaide

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS plus TAJ MAHAL
February
7,8 Capitol, Sydney
11 Thebarton, Adelaide
13, 14 Palais, Melbourne
25 Brisbane Uni.
26 Playroom, Gold Coast

UB40
February
3 Adelaide
5 Astor Theatre, Melb.
9 Capitol, Sydney
17 Gold Coast
18 Brisbane
19 Surfair, Brisbane
20 Gold Coast

PSYCHEDELIC FURS
February
3 Astor Theatre, Melbourne
5 Capitol, Sydney
18 Adelaide
March
1 Canberra

JONI MITCHELL
March
11 Capitol, Sydney
14 Festival Hall, Brisbane
14 Palais, Melbourne
19 Festival Theatre, Adelaide

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
February
17 Capitol, Sydney
20 Astor Theatre, Melbourne

NSW

AFFECTIONS:
Feb. 4 Tivoli,
Feb. 5 Leppington Inn.
AGENTS:
Feb. 4 Musicians Club,
Feb. 8 Manzil Room.
ALLNITERS:
Feb. 4 Manly Vale Hotel,
Feb. 5 Selina's,
Feb. 6 Leppington Inn,
Feb. 7 Capitol Theatre.
AUSTEN TAYSHUS:
Feb. 4 Ambassador Hotel, Newcastle.
BARRY LEAF BAND:
Feb. 4 Campbelltown Golf Club.
BEAT DETECTIVES:
Feb. 4 San Miguel Inn.
BEATS:
Feb. 4 Campbelltown RSL,
Feb. 5 Cardiff Workers.
BEL-AIRES:
Feb. 5 Corrimal Leagues Club.
BENT ELBOWS:
Feb. 4 Racecourse Hotel, Randwick.
BERMUDA:
Feb. 4 Padstow Park Hotel,
Feb. 5 Mona Vale Hotel.
BIG5:
Feb. 4 Royal Antler Hotel.
BILLY THORPE:
Feb. 4 Comb 'N' Cutter,
Feb. 5 Riverwood Hotel,
Feb. 6 Port Kembla Leagues.
BIRDS OF PREY:
Feb. 5 Bondi Tram,
Feb. 6 Royal Antler Hotel.
BOPCATS:
Feb. 4 Riverwood Hotel.
BOSS:
Feb. 4 Padstow Park Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sydney Cove Tavern.
BOWDO:
Feb. 4 Comb 'N' Cutter.
BULLAMAKANKA:
Feb. 4 Bega RSL,
Feb. 5 Young Services Club,
Feb. 6 Canberra Fair, ACT.
BYRON BERLINE TRIO:
Feb. 7 Civic Hotel, ACT.
CASS AND CO.:
Feb. 5 Blue Room, Wiley Park Hotel.
CHIT CHAT:
Feb. 6 Southern Cross Hotel.
CHOIRBOYS:
Feb. 4 Sylvania Hotel,
Feb. 7 Bexley North Hotel.
COCKY LAURA:
Feb. 4 Bexley North Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sydney Cove Tavern.
CONWAY BROS.:
Feb. 4 Players,
Feb. 6 Bondi Pavilion.
COVERUP:
Feb. 17 Bondi Pavilion.
CYRIL B. BUNTER BAND:
Feb. 4 Stardust Hotel.
DIAMOND CUTTER:
Feb. 5 Royal Antler Hotel.
DIVINYLS:
Feb. 4 Sylvania Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sydney Cove Tavern.
DO-RE-ME:
Feb. 4 Mosman Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sydney Trade Union Club.
DRAGON:
Feb. 12 Bexley North Hotel.
DROP BEARS:
Feb. 6 Avalon RSL,
Feb. 13 Royal Antler Hotel.
DV8:
Feb. 4 Mona Vale Hotel,
Feb. 5 Collegians Football Club, Woolongong.
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS:
Feb. 11 Sefton Hotel.
EDITIONS:
Feb. 4 Sydney Trade Union Club,
Feb. 12 Musicians Club,
Feb. 16 Southern Cross Hotel.
ELECTRIC PANDAS:
Feb. 4 French's Tavern
Feb. 5 Sonia's,
Feb. 9 Windsor Castle,
Feb. 10 Racecourse Hotel, Randwick,
Feb. 11 French's Tavern,
Feb. 12 Sonia's,
Feb. 16 Windsor Castle,
Feb. 17 Racecourse Hotel, Randwick,
Feb. 18 French's Tavern.

Siouxsie Sioux

EXPRESSION:
Feb. 4 Manly Vale Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sylvania Hotel,
Feb. 6 Tivoli.
FALLEN IDOLS:
Feb. 4 Stardust Hotel.
FAULTLINE:
Feb. 4 Belfield Hotel.
FLYING COLOURS:
Feb. 4 Blue Room, Wiley Park Hotel.
FRONT:
Feb. 4 Collegians Football Club, Woolongong,
Feb. 5 Manzil Room,
Feb. 9 Bondi Tram,
Feb. 10 Royal Antler Hotel.
FULL CIRCLE:
Feb. 5 Chatswood Charles Hotel,
Feb. 11 Campbelltown RSL.
THE GAME:
Feb. 4 Golden Eagle Hotel, Newcastle,
Feb. 5 Florida Hotel, Terrigal.
GOANNA:
Feb. 4 Goulburn Valley Hotel.
GOLDRUSH:
Feb. 4 Sefton Hotel,
Feb. 5 Manly Vale Hotel,
Feb. 6 Sylvania Hotel.
GREAT WHITE NOISE:
Feb. 13 Southern Cross Hotel.
GROOVEYARD:
Feb. 4 Sydney Trade Union Club.
GUESTS:
Feb. 5 San Miguel Inn.
HAIKU:
Feb. 4 Bondi Tram,
Feb. 6 Palms Disco.
HOI POLLOI:
Feb. 4 Sydney Trade Union Club.
HONEYMOON:
Feb. 4 Mosman Hotel.
HUGO A GO GO:
Feb. 4 Mosman Hotel.
ICED VO-VOS:
Feb. 4 Windsor Castle.
IDIO SYNCRO:
Feb. 11 Yoggali Club, Griffith,
Feb. 13 Ainslie Football Club, ACT.
IDLE RICH:
Feb. 4 Tourmaline Hotel.
IDOL MINDS:
Feb. 15 Bondi Tram.
INTROVERTS:
Feb. 4 Sydney Trade Union Club,
Feb. 8 Southern Cross Hotel.
JOHNNY GUITAR:
Feb. 5 Players.
JO JO ZEP:
Feb. 11 Sefton Hotel,
Feb. 14 Bexley North Hotel.
JUST LUST:
Feb. 4 Caringbah Inn.
KEVIN BORICH:
Feb. 4 Stakeout Tavern,
Feb. 5 Tivoli,
Feb. 6 Blacktown Soccer Club,
Feb. 12 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 18 Bexley North Hotel.
KILL THE KING:
Feb. 6 Southern Cross Hotel.
LA BOUCHE:
Feb. 4 Doyalson RSL.
LAFAYETTE:
Feb. 4 Tivoli,
Feb. 9 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 12 Bondi Tram,
Feb. 18 Bexley North Hotel.
LE HOODOO GURUS:
Feb. 5 Mosman Hotel,
Feb. 10 San Miguel Inn,
Feb. 17 San Miguel Inn.
LIONHEART:
Feb. 4 Maroubra Seals,
Feb. 5 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 6 Port Kembla Leagues,
Feb. 7 Bexley North Hotel,
Feb. 9 Royal Antler Hotel.
LONELYHEARTS:
Feb. 4 Bexley North Hotel.
MACHINATIONS:
Feb. 11 Caringbah Inn,
Feb. 12 Sydney Cove Tavern,
Feb. 13 Royal Antler Hotel.
MARIO MILLO BAND:
Feb. 5 Bexley North Hotel,
Feb. 6 War And Peace.
MIGHTY GUYS:
Feb. 9 Southern Cross Hotel.
MODEL HUSBANDS:
Feb. 4 Southern Cross Hotel.
MOODISTS:
Feb. 14 Southern Cross Hotel.
MOTHER GOOSE:
Feb. 9 Bel Air Hotel, Newcastle,
Feb. 10 Governor's Pleasure.
MR X:
Feb. 4 Bexley North Hotel.
MX WARHEADS:
Feb. 10 Southern Cross Hotel.
MYSTERONS:
Feb. 4 Governor's Pleasure.
NO FIXED ADDRESS:
Feb. 10 Royal Antler Hotel.
NON STOP DANCERS:
Feb. 5 Ambassador, Newcastle.
NORTS AND CROSSES:
Feb. 11 Bondi Tram.
NUMBERS:
Feb. 4 San Miguel Inn,
Feb. 5 Corrimal Leagues Club,
Feb. 6 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 9 Dee Why Hotel,
Feb. 10 Union Club, Gosford,
Feb. 11 Bexley North Hotel.
PAT DRUMMOND'S SKOOLDAZE:
Feb. 5 Rest Hotel,
Feb. 11: Rest Hotel,
Feb. 18 Rest Hotel.
PAUL KELLY AND THE DOTS:
Feb. 16 Bondi Tram.
PEL MEL:
Feb. 10 Mona Vale Hotel,
Feb. 11 Trade Union Club,
Feb. 12 Norths Leagues Club, Newcastle.
PREZENCE:
Feb. 4 Campbelltown RSL,
Feb. 7 Manzil Room,
Feb. 10 Padstow Park Hotel,
Feb. 11 The Southern District Tennis CLub, Leumeah,
Feb. 12 Mona Vale Hotel,
Feb. 13 Cronulla Leagues Club,
Feb. 17 Padstow Park Hotel.
PROPHECY:
Feb. 5 Family Inn,
Feb. 6 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 8 Bondi Tram.
RAIDERS:
Feb. 4 Comb 'N' Cutter,
Feb. 5 Doyalson RSL,
Feb. 12 Bexley North Hotel.
RAMS:
Feb. 4 Mona Vale Hotel,
Feb. 5 Beattie Street.
RATBAGS OF RHYTHM:
Feb. 4 Sonia's,
Feb. 6 Bondi Pavilion,
Feb. 14 Bondi Tram.
REELS:
Feb. 4 Mittagong RSL,
Feb. 5 San Miguel Inn,
Feb. 6 St George Budapest Soccer Club.
RICHARD CLAPTON BAND:
Feb. 4 Maroubra Seals,
Feb. 5 Sylvania Hotel.
RIGID WITH DESIRE:
Feb. 4 Musicians Club.
ROQUE:
Feb. 4 Stallions,
Feb. 10 Bondi Tram,
Feb. 18 Bondi Tram.
ROSIE G:
Feb. 6 Port Kembla Leagues.
RUPERT B:
Feb. 4 Blacktown Soccer Club,
Feb. 5 Musicians Club,
Feb. 8 Dapto Leagues Club.
SACRED COWBOYS:
Feb. 4 Governor's Pleasure,
Feb. 5 North Newcastle Leagues,
Feb. 6 Stranded,
Feb. 7 Dee Why Hotel,
Feb. 8 Southern Cross Hotel,
Feb. 9 Mosman Hotel.
SAMURAI TRASH:
Feb. 5 Sydney Trade Union Club.

TURN TO PAGE 29

Dire Straits

Feb. 9 Mosman Hotel,
Feb. 10 Southern Cross Hotel,
Feb. 11 Mona Vale Hotel.
SCIENTISTS:
Feb. 5 Southern Cross Hotel,
Feb. 15 Southern Cross Hotel.
SIDE TRACK:
Feb. 5 Manly Vale Hotel.
SLOW METRO:
Feb. 4 Ocean Beach Hotel, Umina.
SNAKE:
Feb. 4 Bluegum Hotel,
Feb. 5 Doyalson RSL,
Feb. 6 St Mary's Leagues Club.
STRANGE DESIRE:
Feb. 4 Bluegum Hotel.
STRANGE TENANTS:
Feb. 8 Central Coast Leagues Club,
Feb. 9 Capitol Theatre.
STRIKA:
Feb. 5 Sefton Hotel,
Feb. 12 Royal Antler Hotel.
SUNNYBOYS:
Feb. 4 Royal Antler Hotel,
Feb. 5 Caringbah Inn,
Feb. 6 Penrith Leagues Club.
SURVIVIAL:
Feb. 4 Yoogali Club, Griffith,
Feb. 5 Creel Bay Hotel, Jindabyne,
Feb. 6 Creel Bay Hotel, Jindabyne.
SWEET POISON:
Feb. 7 Bondi Tram.
TABLEWAITERS:
Feb. 4 Musicians Club,
Feb. 5 Miranda Hotel,
Feb. 6 Avalon Beach RSL.
TAJ MAHAL:
Feb. 7 Capitol Theatre.
THE JOHNNIES:
Feb. 5 North Newcastle Leagues,
Feb. 6 Stranded,
Feb. 11 NSW Leagues Club. (Opening night — 165 Phillip St., Sydney).
TMG:
Feb. 4 Bexley North Hotel.
TOTAL FIRE BAND:
Feb. 4 Waratah-Mayfield RSL, Newcastle,
Feb. 5 Family Village Inn,
Feb. 6 Mosman Hotel.
TURNAROUND:
Feb. 5 Blue Room, Wiley Park Hotel.
TWO BOB WATCH:
Feb. 5 Tourmaline Hotel.
UNCANNY X MEN:
Feb. 4 Sylvania Hotel,
Feb. 4 Tivoli (late),
Feb. 5 Sefton Hotel,
Feb. 6 Port Kembla Leagues,
Feb. 7 Bexley North Hotel,
Feb. 14 Bexley North Hotel,
Feb. 16 Royal Antler Hotel.
VIOLA DANA:
Feb. 9 Bondi Tram.
VOYEUR:
Feb. 12 Blue Room, Wiley Park Hotel.
THE WAIT:
Feb. 4 Sefton Hotel,
Feb. 6 Sonia's.
YOUNG LIONS:
Feb. 4 Manzil Room,
Feb. 5 Tivoli.
ZOO:
Feb. 4 Manzil Room,
Feb. 5 Tivoli.

VIC

ABBEY ROAD:
Feb. 5 Palladium,
Feb. 6 Burden Park, afternoon.
AFRI-JAH:
Feb. 4 College Lawn Hotel,
Feb. 6 Hydehurst Hotel.
ALLNITERS:
Feb. 9 Club Chevron,
Feb. 10 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 11 Bombay Rock,
Feb. 12 Venue,
Feb. 13 Palais Theatre,
Feb. 14 Sole Shake Down.
AQUAZEBRA:
Feb. 18 Oxford Hotel.
AZLAN:
Feb. 11 North Melbourne Football Club,
Feb. 12 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 18 De Marco's Hotel.
AZU LIKE IT:
Feb. 5 Astradome.
BEV BRAZIER:
Feb. 5 Normandy Hotel.
BILLPOSTERS:
Feb. 5 Torquay Hotel.
BILLY MILLER'S GREAT BLOKES:
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock.
BILLY THORPE:
Feb. 8 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 9 Astradome,
Feb. 10 Eureka Hotel,
Feb. 12 Bombay Rock.
BOSCH:
Feb. 5 Sentimental Bloke.
BRODERICK SMITH:
Feb. 4 Central Club,
Feb. 5 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 6 Jays Mainstream,
Feb. 9 Foundry Arms,
Feb. 10 Council Club Hotel,
Feb. 11 Central Club,
Feb. 12 Doncaster Inn,
Feb. 13 Jays Mainstream,
Feb. 14 Club Chevron.
BUSH TURKEY:
Feb. 6 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 10 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 13 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 17 Renown Hotel.
BUSHWACKERS:
Feb. 5 Central Club,
Feb. 12 Miners Rest Hotel.
BYRON BERLIN TRIO:
Feb. 8 Universal Theatre.
COVERS:
Feb. 4 De Marco's Hotel,
Feb. 5 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 10 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 12 Palladium.
DAVE BURLAND:
Feb. 9 Federation Lounge, Dixon
DEAD LIVERS:
Feb. 5 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 12 Renown Hotel.
DEAD RICKY:
Feb. 4 John Barleycorn Hotel.
DEAR ENEMY:
Feb. 4 Club Chevron.
DISTANT RELATIVES:
Feb. 4 Macy's.
DIVINYLS:
Feb. 18 Bombay Rock.
DONNA FISK AND THE HOT DIGGIDY BAND:
Feb. 4 Spurs, Campbellfield,
Feb. 5 Spurs, Moorabbin.
DO-RE-ME:
Feb. 10 Seaview Ballroom,
Feb. 11 Marquee,
Feb. 12 The Club,
Feb. 13 Le Tote,
Feb. 14 Sole Shake Down.
DRIFTERS:
Feb. 4 Billboard,
Feb. 5 Palladium,
Feb. 6 San Remo Ballroom.
DUGITES:
Feb. 5 Sentimental Bloke Hotel.
EELS:
Feb. 4 Grainstore Tavern,
Feb. 5 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 7 Club Chevron.
ELECTRIC WARRIORS:
Feb. 5 Pinsent Hotel, Wangaratta.
ESKALATERS:
Feb. 4 Macy's,
Feb. 5 Aberdeen Hotel.
EXPOSAY:
Feb. 4 Ferntree Gully Hotel,
Feb. 5 Waltzing Matilda,
Feb. 10 The Venue,
Feb. 11 Crosskeys Hotel.
FAVOURITE SONS:
Feb. 4 Station Hotel,
Feb. 10 Waurn Ponds Hotel.
FIFTH COLUMN:
Feb. 4 Oxford Hotel,
Feb. 12 Macy's.
FIVE AND A ZACK:
Feb. 4 Dan O'Connell Hotel.

Psychedelic Furs

FLESH:
Feb. 5 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 10 The Venue.
FRENETICS:
Feb. 4 London Tavern (3-4-6),
Feb. 5 Aberdeen Hotel (early).
FUGITIVE FLIGHT:
Feb. 4 Moonee Ponds Tavern,
Feb. 5 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 6 Palladium,
Feb. 7 Billboard,
Feb. 10 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 12 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 14 Palladium,
Feb. 17 De Marco's Hotel,
Feb. 18 Billboard.
GANGSTERS:
Feb. 4 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 5 Dorset Gardens Hotel,
Feb. 6 Burden Park, afternoon,
Feb. 10 De Marco's Hotel,
Feb. 11 St Kilda Football Club,
Feb. 18 Beaumaris Hotel.

How To Use the RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE
1. PUNTERS: Buy RAM. Read Guide. Go to fave gigs.
2. ADVERTISERS: RAM hits the streets around Australia on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Our production time is one week, so we need your info by the first and second Friday. Please note that you will need to be thinking up to THREE weeks in advance.
Mail details to RAM GUIDE, 7th Floor, 50 Margaret St., Sydney 2000 or phone details to Michelle on (02) 298 164 or (best of all) Telex details to RAM GUIDE on AGESYD 21383

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS:
Feb. 4 Palais Theatre,
Feb. 5 The Venue,
Feb. 6 Pier Hotel.
GHETTO BLASTERS:
Feb. 4 Shakespeare Hotel,
Feb. 5 The Egg,
Feb. 7 Aberdeen Hotel.
GIANTS:
Feb. 4 Billboard,
Feb. 5 Bridge Hotel,
Feb. 11 De Marco's Hotel,
Feb. 12 Bridge Hotel,
Feb. 17 North Melbourne Football Club.
GIMMIX:
Feb. 5 Tommy Bents Wine Bar,
Feb. 12 Tommy Bents Wine Bar.
GOANNA:
Feb. 5 Village Green Hotel,
Feb. 6 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 10 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool.
GO-CIRCUS:
Feb. 4 The Venue.
HEAR HEAR:
Feb. 11 Oxford Hotel.
HIGHLITE:
Feb. 4 Musicians Club.
HI HO:
Feb. 5 Village Green Hotel.
IDEALS:
Feb. 4 Village Green Hotel.
IDIO SYNCRO:
Feb. 4 St Kilda Football Club,
Feb. 15 Sommerville Hotel.
IDOLS:
Feb. 4 The Venue.
JEFF ST JOHN:
Feb. 8 Tattersalls Hotel,
Feb. 10 Council Club Hotel,
Feb. 11 The Venue,
Feb. 12 Club Chevron.
JENNIFER LEE BAND:
Feb. 12 Torquay Hotel.
JO JO ZEP:
Feb. 4 Ritchies Nite Spot,
Feb. 5 Manhatten Hotel,
Feb. 6 Macy's.
KEVINS:
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock,
Feb. 8 Klap,
Feb. 5 Royal Oak Hotel (free).
LEARN TO DANCE:
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock.
LIQUID ENGINEERS:
Feb. 4 Ferntree Gully Hotel,
Feb. 5 Bombay Rock,
Feb. 8 Prospect Hill Hotel.
LISA BADE BAND:
Feb. 4 Crosskeys Hotel.
LITTLE MURDERS:
Feb. 4 The Venue,
Feb. 5 Jays Mainstream,
Feb. 7 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 10 Dorset Gardens.
LITTLE RIVER BAND:
Feb. 7 Melbourne Concert Hall, Victorian Arts Centre.
Feb. 8 Melbourne Concert Hall, Victorian Arts Centre.
Feb. 9 Melbourne Concert Hall, Victorian Arts Centre.
LOONEY TUNES:
Feb. 10 Aberdeen Hotel.
MACHINATIONS:
Feb. 4 Eureka Hotel,
Feb. 5 Seaview Ballroom,
Feb. 7 Jump Club.
MARK GILLESPIE:
Feb. 4 Club Chevron.
MICK PEALING AND THE IDEALS:
Feb. 4 Village Green Hotel.
MODELS:
Feb. 4 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 5 Prospect Hill Hotel.
MONDO ROCK:
Feb. 9 Eureka Hotel.
MOTHER GOOSE:
Feb. 4 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sandown Park Hotel.
MOVING PICTURES:
Feb. 8 Billboard,
Feb. 9 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 10 Waltzing Matilda Hotel.
NAME:
Feb. 4 Centre Clun Hotel.
Feb. 5 Lorne Pacific Hotel,
Feb. 9 Prospect Hill Hotel.
NEW AGE:
Feb. 4 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 5 Prospect Hill.
NEW 5:
Feb. 5 Le Tote.
NIGHTHAWKE:
Feb. 4 Aberdeen Hotel,
Feb. 5 Sentimental Bloke Hotel.
NO NONSENSE:
Feb. 9 Village Green Hotel,
Feb. 10 Aberdeen Hotel,
Feb. 12 Central Club.
NUMBERS:
Feb. 17 Crosskeys Hotel (free).
ORPHANS:
Feb. 4 Foundry Arms Hotel,
Feb. 5 Jays Mainstream,
Feb. 8 Club Chevron,
Feb. 10 Footscray Social Club.
PAUL KELLY AND THE DOTS:
Feb. 4 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 10 Miners Rest Hotel.
PATRICK McMAHON:
Feb. 15 Club Chevron.
P.C. AND THE PICKUPS WITH SUZI DICKENSON:
Feb. 4 Spurs, Moorabbin,
Feb. 5 Spurs, Campbellfield.
PEL MEL:
Feb. 17 Marquee Club,
Feb. 18 The Club.
PHANTOM BAND:
Feb. 5 Club Chevron,
Feb. 9 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 10 Central Club.
PHIL MANNING BAND:
Feb. 4 Palais Theatre,
Feb. 5 The Venue,
Feb. 6 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 7 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 8 Council Club Hotel,
Feb. 9 Waltzing Matilda.
PREFECTS:
Feb. 12 De Marco's Hotel.
PSYCHEDELIC FURS:
Feb. 4 Astor Theatre.
QUOKKAS:
Feb. 4 Sydenham Hotel,
Feb. 9 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 16 Renown Hotel.
A REAL LIFE:
Feb. 4 The Venue,
Feb. 5 Macy's,
Feb. 8 Billboard Hotel,
Feb. 16 Village Green Hotel.
REDGUM:
Feb. 4 Club Chevron,
Feb. 5 London Tavern,
Feb. 6 Ferntree Gully Tavern,
Feb. 11 Bridge Hotel,
Feb. 12 Crosskeys Hotel.
RENEE GEYER:
Feb. 17 Club Chevron,
Feb. 18 Crosskeys Hotel.
ROCK JOCK:
Feb. 5 Pier Hotel.
ROCK STEADY:
Feb. 4 North Melbourne Football Club,
Feb. 5 Croxton Park Hotel,
Feb. 6 Burden Park Hotel, afternoon,
Feb. 7 Palladium,
Feb. 8 Tommy Bents Wine Bar,
Feb. 9 Croydon Hotel,
Feb. 10 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 11 Fame Club,
Feb. 12 Croxton Park Hotel,
Feb. 13 Palladium,
Feb. 14 Billboard,
Feb. 15 Tommy Bents Wine Bar,
Feb. 17 Beaumaris Hotel,
Feb. 18 North Melbourne Football Club.
RON BARRY AND HORSEPOWER:
Feb. 4 Bridge Hotel.
ROSANNA'S RAIDERS:
Feb. 4 Bridge Hotel,
Feb. 5 De Marco's Hotel,
Feb. 11 Bridge Hotel,
Feb. 12 Bridge Hotel.
ROSS RYAN BAND:
Feb. 4 Prospect Hill Hotel.
Feb. 5 Eureka Hotel,
Feb. 7 Club Chevron (free),
Feb. 9 Chasers Live,
Feb. 10 Grainstore Tavern.
RUNNERS:
Feb. 4 Ferntree Gully Hotel,
Feb. 5 Bombay Rock,
Feb. 10 Dorset Gardens Hotel,
Feb. 18 Club Chevron.
RUSSELL MORRIS AND THE RUBES:
Feb. 4 London Tavern,
Feb. 5 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 9 Westernport Hotel,
Feb. 10 Sentimental Bloke Hotel.
SAGE:
Feb. 4 Courthouse Hotel.
SCHISM:
Feb. 5 Mt. Erica Hotel.
SHANGHAI:
Feb. 5 Anglesea Hotel.
SHORT STORY:
Feb. 5 Bombay Rock (free),
Feb. 9 Club Chevron.
SIROCCO:
Feb. 7 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 8 Renown Hotel.
SOLETWISTERS:
Feb. 5 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 12 Armadale Hotel.
SOUTHERN LIGHTNIN':
Feb. 5 John Barleycorn Hotel.
STRAIGHTLINERS:
Feb. 4 John Barleycorn Hotel.
STRANGE IDOLS:
Feb. 4 The Venue,
Feb. 10 Club Chevron.
STRANGE TENANTS:
Feb. 5 Club Chevron.
SUNNYBOYS:
Feb. 8 Astradome,
Feb. 9 Club Chevron,
Feb. 10 Sentimental Bloke,
Feb. 13 Waltzing Matilda.
SURROUND:
Feb. 4 Central Hotel.
SURVIVAL:
Feb. 11 Billboard,
Feb. 12 Astradome,
Feb. 18 Moonee Ponds Tavern.
SWANEE:
Feb. 9 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 10 Centre Club,
Feb. 11 Club Chevron.
TAILOR MADE:
Feb. 4 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 5 Caledonian Hotel,
Feb. 9 Prospect Hill Hotel,
Feb. 10 Waltzing Matilda.
TAJ MAHAL:
Feb. 13 Palais Theatre.
THUNDERBUGS:
Feb. 4 Oxford Hotel,
Feb. 11 Oxford Hotel,
Feb. 12 Macy's,
Feb. 18 Oxford Hotel.
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND:
Feb. 4 Westernport Hotel,
Feb. 5 Waurn Ponds Hotel,
Feb. 9 Club Chevron,
Feb. 10 Crosskeys Hotel (free),
Feb. 16 Club Chevron,
Feb. 18 Village Green Hotel.
TONY CATZ BAND:
Feb. 4 Bombay Rock,
Feb. 10 Club Chevron.
SPOT:
Feb. 16 Croyden Hotel,
Feb. 17 Pier Hotel,
Feb. 18 Moonee Ponds Tavern.
UB40:
Feb. 5 Astor Theatre.
U-JAKS:
Feb. 4 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 5 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 11 Armadale Hotel,
Feb. 12 Club Chevron.
ULTERIOR MOTIVE:
Feb. 4 Club Chevron,
Feb. 11 Club Chevron.
UNCANNY X-MEN:
Feb. 10 Club Chevron,
Feb. 11 Crosskeys Hotel,
Feb. 12 Village Green Hotel.
W.H.Y. DIGITAL DELAY SHOW:
Feb. 4 Ritchies Nite Spot,
Feb. 5 Manhattan Hotel.
WINGWALKERS:
Feb. 4 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 11 Renown Hotel,
Feb. 18 Renown Hotel.
YELLOWBACK:
Feb. 5 Hotel Continental.
YOUNG HOMEBUYERS:
Feb. 5 Club Chevron,
Feb. 11 Village Green Hotel,
Feb. 12 Club Chevron.

QLD

BIG RED:
Feb. 4 Whispers Night Club,
Feb. 5 Jindalee Hotel.
DIVINYLS:
Feb. 9 New York Hotel,
Feb. 10 The Bombay Rock,
Feb. 11 Qit.
MAX MERRITT:
Feb. 18 The Newham.
MIDNIGHT OIL:
Feb. 18 Bombay Rock.
MOTHER GOOSE:
Feb. 16 Jindalee Hotel,
Feb. 17 Wilsons 1870,
Feb. 18 The Playroom.
NO FIXED ADDRESS:
Feb. 4 Grand Hotel,
Feb. 5 Surfair Hotel,
Feb. 6 New York Hotel.
REELS:
Feb. 8 Qit (lunchtime),
Feb. 9 The Homestead,
Feb. 10 The Grand Hotel,
Feb. 11 The Newnham,
Feb. 12 D.D.I.A.E. Toowoomba,
Feb. 13 The New York Hotel,
Feb. 14 The Bombay Rock.
WICKETY WAK:
Feb. 5 Bundaberg Civic Centre,
Feb. 6 Gladstone Civic Theatre.

SA

BYRON BERLINE TRIO:
Feb. 4 Royalty Theatre.
JEFF ST JOHN:
Feb. 4 Old Lion Hotel,
Feb. 5 Westland Hotel,
Feb. 6 Bridgeway Tavern.
MONDO ROCK:
Feb. 11 Bridgeway Tavern,
Feb. 12 Bridgeway Tavern.
STRANGE TENANTS:
Feb. 4 Bridgeway Tavern,
Feb. 5 Club Chevron.
UB40:
Feb. 4 Bridgeway Tavern.
URBAN GUERILLAS:
Feb. 4 Cremorne Hotel,
Feb. 5 Henley Beach — afternoon,
Feb. 6 Elder Park.

WA

TANSEY'S FANCY:
Feb. 5 Perth Concert Hall.

TAS

MONDO ROCK:
Feb. 4 Tasmania Unviersity,
Feb. 5 Hotel Tasmania,
Feb. 6 Tas Tavern.
SWANEE:
Feb. 13 The Basin Concert.
U CLAP 2:
Feb. 4 Ulverstone Surf Club,
Feb. 5 St Helen's Hotel.

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE

At last! A rock'n'roll play with STREET CREDIBILITY! The earnest young souls pictured above are the central characters in the Griffin Theatre Company's latest production STREET LEVEL, currently showing at The Stables in Kings Cross. Written by Grant Fraser (of *Bill Posters Will Be Prosecuted* fame), the play traces the rise, fall and levelling out of a group of five teenagers who dream of rock fame from the confines of a garage in outer suburban Sydney. As fate would have it, the five are plucked from obscurity and rocketed to stardom as a suitably tacky singing group a la Bucks Fizz. Smelling the rat of exploitation, four of them revolt against the evil machinations of the rock'n'roll industry and metamorphose into Street Level, a tough'n' gritty rock band closer to their suburban rebel *roots*, man. Meanwhile, the fifth member (an Olivia clone brilliantly portrayed by Joy Smithers) sticks with the pastiche star routine only to realise the error of her ways. It's all good, homespun *streetwise* entertainment, directed by Colin Schumacher by arrangement with the Riverina Trucking Company, and you've got until February 27 to see it before it moves on to Wagga (of all places). Bookings through Mitchells Bass, or phone (02)33 3817.

Believe it not, this piece of litter is a rare 20th century artifact, and the starting point of a rock musical called *The Voyage of U-L-C* which opens in Melbourne on February 8. 'U-L-C' (full name U-L-C 3863J16) is a 30th century archaelogist who digs up a Metro bubblegum wrapper which refers to this mysterious lost element called 'FUN'. Naturally he has to find out what this 'fun' stuff is, which takes a couple of hours of singing, dancing and musical genre jokes.

The Voyage Of U-L-C is the brain-child of John Cheshire, Robert Cottrell and Garry Sargeant, who first presented it to packed houses at Latrobe Uni two years ago. The re-vamped production begins its intergalactic tour with a three week season at the Alexander Theatre, Monash University.

'Vamp', 'Zero', and the Mystic Metro Wrapper.

Phil Lynott

"As you can see, I feel really good now. . ." (Pic: UPI)

"It looked like the Whisky Au Go Go the morning after," quipped **Sebastian Chase,** describing the General Artists office which caught fire two weeks ago: Thankfully there were none of the Whisky's charred corpses to distract Chase from running the affairs of the **Hitmen** and the **Reels.**

Meanwhile The 'Reeeely Killing It With K-Tel' Reels have celebrated the vast success of their *Beautiful* album by buying back rights to their entire past product from their former record company, Polygram. "It was fairly expensive," says Chase, "at least from the Reels' perspective". Big record companies and three piece bands obviously have different ideas of what constitutes Petty Cash, though at least the Reels do have their own company name to trade under: the charming acronym C.U.L.T., which stands for Cultural Utilisation of Leisure Time.

And next issue (if God and Dave Mason get their act together) we should see something extremely cultural from the Reels — but don't tell anyone, it's a surprise. . .

Sydney's **Mighty Guys** could be bringing their rocka-boogie-billy to the stompers of Bombay. The trio has been offered a gig by the same promoter who organised the visit by the Police a year ago. "All we need," said jovial manager and compulsive book writer **Glenn A. Baker,** "is some dates in Thailand to make it economically viable. But it looks like the recession has even hit Bangkok at present."

Thin Lizzy have joined the current headlong rush toward extinction that has seen the likes of The Jam, UK Squeeze, Black Sabbath, Stiff Little Fingers, Japan and Teardrop Explodes break up in the last couple of months. An upcoming U.K. tour will be their last, and the ten-year life of the hard-rock quartet will come to an end when that tour winds up on March 20. The final Lizzy album, *Thunder And Lightning*, will be released to coincide with the tour, and future plans include **Phil Lynott's** continuing his solo career in the possible company of one or two other band members.

TOWNSHEND — Won't Get Hooked Again

Three years ago **Pete Townshend** was a million dollars in debt, his marriage was on the rocks, and he was drinking 1½ bottles of cognac a day interlaced with snorts of cocaine to cut through his drunken stupour. As a counter to this coke-booze see-saw, the Who leader took to anti-depressants — eight a day, Ativans — which in turn necessitated three sleepers per night. But by Christmas 1980 even this wasn't working anymore, and Townshend turned to heroin.

"A month later it dawned on me that I was actually dying, that my macho I-can-do-anything mentality would actually kill me.

"It was then I contacted Meg."

'Meg' is Dr **Margaret Patterson,** the Californian medic who did for Pete what she'd previously done for Keef and Eric. . .cured him — and simply with the help of her Little Black Box.

Doc Patterson's remarkable drug addition cure is revealed in the current issue of *Omni*, the high-gloss U.S. science magazine. The little black box is an electrical device worn on one's belt that looks like a Walkman. The treatment is called NET — Neuro-Electric Therapy Stimulation for short.

The cure hinges on a natural bodily substance called endrophine. which controls pain and emotion in the brain. Heroin acts as a kind of substitute for endrophine, so when a person takes the drug, their body ceases to produce endrophine; hence their resistance to pain without heroin is reduced; hence withdrawal pains, and the problems of kicking the habit. Dr Patterson's NET box induces endrophine by means of neurotransmitters delivered by a very slight electric current — and, it is claimed, can reduce the time it takes an addict's body to produce normal levels of endrophine from ten months to ten days.

In *Omni*, Pete Townshend recounts the day-by-day progress of his cure.

"By the second day I realised I was in the home straight. . .By the third day I felt feelings of sexual desire returning. . .an inner joy. . .At the high setting (on the box) I would sometimes have psychedelic experiences. . ."

Finally, he attests: "Somehow a simple little gadget has made me feel whole — and if I'm ever raped by a crazed pusher and become hooked again I won't hesitate to call Meg and have my addiction handled in this straightforward, completely technical way."

In 1983, Pete Townshend is alive and well and weaned off heroin. These days, the Walkman on his belt just plays Jam Cassettes.

—JOE STEVENS

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE.

FRANK ZAPPA — Classical Gas

By the time you've read this, *Frank Zappa* will have been well stuck in at London Hammersmith Odeon with the 100-piece London Symphony Orchestra and a battery of recording technicians.

Frank's in town to do digital recordings of three of his ballets and he took some of his apparently priceless time to stage a press conference at the Barbican last week to tell us all about it.

Zappa said that he didn't want to appear live in Britain at all but was forced by union regulations to stage a concert of the ballets with the LSO at the cavernous Barbican Centre.

"I have nothing against your lovely country" — you could hear the quotation marks — and the LSO is one of the finest orchestras in the world," he said. And then he lambasted the stage of the Barbican, which didn't half fluster one of the Barbican chaps who took it upon himself to tell how terrific the stage really was.

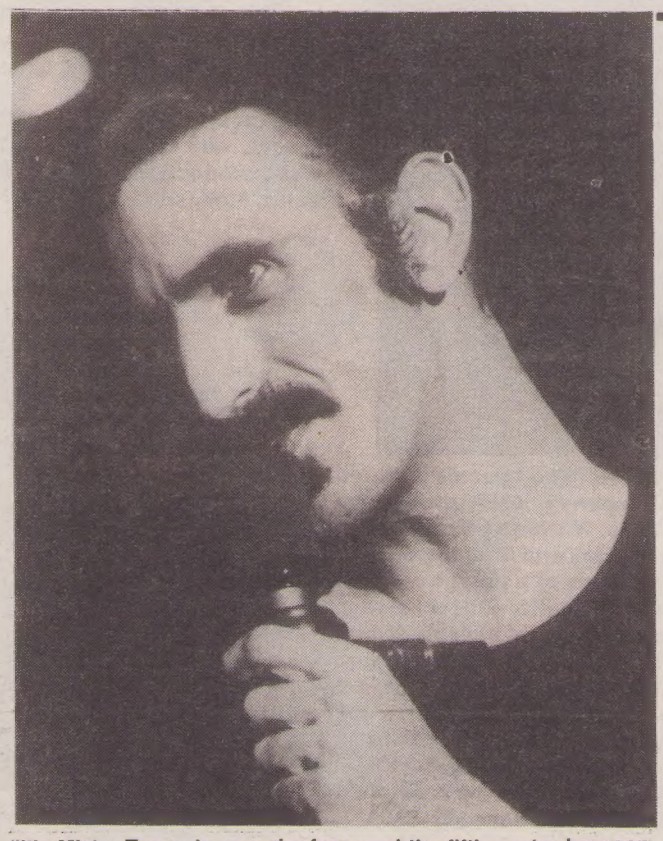
"Have you actually *seen* the stage?" queried Zappa drily. Frank stressed how serious he was about his classical side — "I've been writing symphonies since I was 14" — but basically demonstrated how much of a musical backwater he is in these days.

He won't be playing in Europe ever again, in a rock context, and he plans only "one or two more" tours in America.

The fact that he's spent half a million of his own dollars already on his digitally recorded ballet music shows the depth of his commitment, but you couldn't help feeling that he didn't want to be there, and the feeling tended to rub off.

Oh, and the LSO was about sixth orchestra on the list of the ones he felt could do his music.

— BRIAN HARRIGAN



"It's *Mister* Zappa to you, dogface, and the fifth contra-bassoon is definitely out of tune!" (Pic: Dave Ashdown)

Former **UK Squeeze** mainstays **Chris Difford** and **Glenn Tilbrook** will cop the full Rodgers & Hammerstein treatment next month when a new musical based on the band's album *East Side Story* opens in London. Entitled *Labelled With Love*, the show revolves around characters in a local pub, and is described by its writer/director John Turner as "a celebration of love, tears and drinking". Additional Squeeze material will be incorporated in the score of the musical, scheduled for an initial run of seven weeks.

A statue of fallen Beatle **John Lennon,** sculpted by Australian **Brett Strong,** is to be removed from Los Angeles City Hall following protests from outraged citizens that Lennon was a "drug-abusers' hero". How quickly the memory fades. . .

Sydney-based label **Powderworks** has been busy signing some diverse talent over the last few weeks. From local rockers **The Game** (formerly Hard Case), to the ska-based **Allniters,** to **Dave Skinner,** former Roxy keyboardist and now busy in Sydney producing (eg. the last Swanee album) and working for the publishing concern ATV-Northern Songs.

Heaven's American tour has finally got underway, and their management report "nothing short of sensational" receptions to gigs on the West Coast round New Years. Currently they're concluding a six week tour supporting **Judas Priest.**

The **Riptides,** after several years and several records, have called it a day. Lead singer and writer **Mark Callaghan** is reported working on other projects. And that celebrated psychedelic chamber music ensemble, **North 2 Alaskans,** have also come to an end. Central figure **Johnny Topper** was reported by a friend to be "going up the country music to get his head together, man" and God bless all who sail in her. . .

SIMON & GARFUNKEL — Cleared For Showground

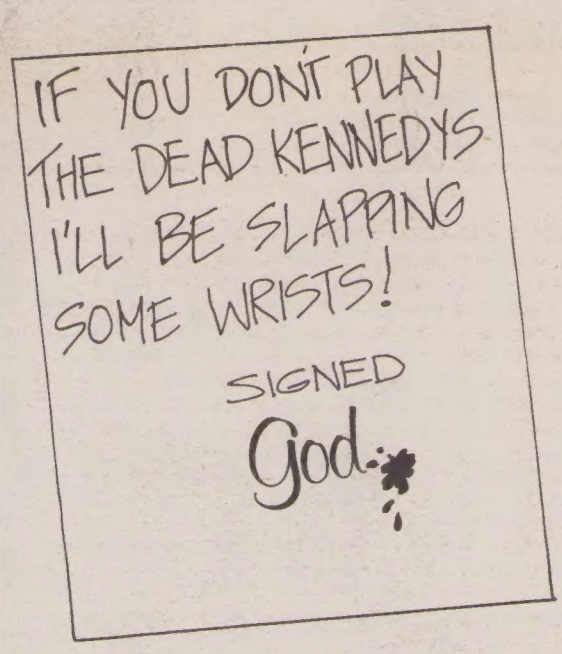
Simon and Garfunkel's Sydney concerts go ahead as planned this week, though some ticketholders may need hearing aids to catch the whole programme.

After the quashing of an injunction sought by the SYDNEY CITY COUNCIL to prevent the concerts being held at Sydney Sportsground, Equity Court judge JUSTICE ROGERS made conditional a series of undertakings on the part of the promoters.

The formidable list includes: (1) the employment of an acoustical consultant to monitor noise levels; (2) the erection of a six-metre-high, 16mm particle board sound barrier on the north-eastern side of the stage; (3) two of the speaker boxes will be not more than ten metres high, and all others six metres or less; (4) a limiter-compressor is to be incorporated in the P.A. system to limit speaker input and that noise be kept below 70 to 75 decibels if a southerly or south-westerly wind of more than 0.5 knots prevails toward specified points in the nearby Moore Park residential area.

When one considers that 70-75 decibels represents the sound level of the average passing car, one wonders if the same local residents who initially sought the injunction will now lobby against traffic noise in the area? In fact at press time, they were mounting fresh attempts to have the original injunction decision reversed.

EXTORT A DEAD KENNEDY



When Brisbane's 4ZZZ-FM were compiling a special end-of-year Top 100 Singles of 1982 programme, they sent a routine list of all the tracks to be played to the appropriate section of the ABC bureaucracy. At the eleventh hour, a stern and urgent directive came back: "Thou shalt not play *Too Drunk To Fuck* by the Dead Kennedys."

Some weeks later, the police (also in Queensland) were getting plenty of exercise chasing some 'extortionists' who'd blown a hole in an old parked plane and were demanding a million bucks to stop them doing it to a somewhat newer aircraft with people in it. Happily it all turned out to be a hoax, but not before we decided that maybe what the Dead Kennedys needed to get some airplay was a little Creative Menacing.

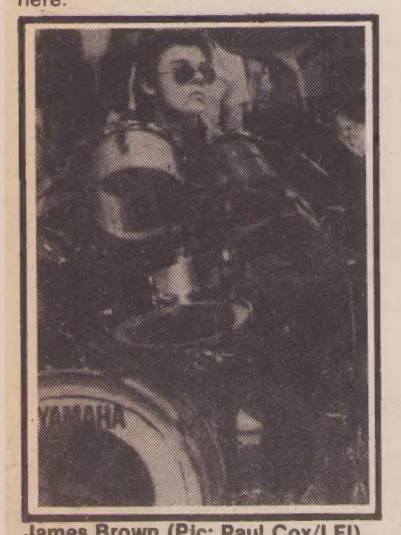
Maybe you have a few choice threats you've been dying to try on someone from the safe distance of the mailbox. Well, here's your chance to be a heavy on paper (always the best place), AND win yourself a copy of the Dead Kennedys' new album, *Plastic Surgery Disasters, plus* a special 12-inch single, *Halloween* b/w *Saturday Night Holocaust.*

Just tell the Australian Broadcasting Authorities (whoever they may be) what you'll do to them, somebody else, part of the landscape, or even yourself if *Plastic Surgery Disasters* doesn't get on the airwaves. Don't be obscene, 'cos we want to print the best; be totally absurd by all means; and remember that cutting letters out of magazines is the preferred method of all first-rate extortionists.

UB40 — Can We Dub Downunder?

EAR OLD Sydney town holds a certain fascination for overseas musos. While for years late night Sydneyite TV viewers have been lulled to sleep by the dulcet tones of the late Yank warbler Tommy Leonetti, waxing demented over his lust for *My City Of Sydney*, scores of other visitors have gone the lyrical over Australia's first settlement for crooks.

A lot of it has admittedly been PR bullshit, in the order of: . . ."I'd just love to see more of your kowaaaaalas, and what are they called. . . ah yes, kangaroos while I'm here."



James Brown (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

But some have converted verbosity to action and decided to settle here, such as Status Quo's bassist Alan Lancaster, who recently decided to spend an estimated $3 million on a little piece of Sydney at Rose Bay. Now the latest to join the long line of megaheroes gravitating toward this apparent utopia is UB40's drummer James Brown. On the eve of his second trip to Australia with the band, Brown, in the middle of a freezing Birmingham day, bled out his passion for the coathanger and white whale city. Convincingly sincere, he reiterated his love with unprompted verve.

"It's my favourite city in the world," he said. "I want to come and live there, possibly in a couple of years. Last time I was there I fell in love with the place. It's wonderful because it is so clean. Compared to England, where you can't go anywhere without basically breathing shit, Sydney is unbelievable. It is only when you visit such a great place as Sydney that you realise what you have been missing for so long."

Thus expect some spirited drumming from this affable, immediately likeable bloke during this month's tour, which takes in four states.

Maybe there'll be some reggae-loving immigration officials in the crowd?

"Actually, we are all looking forward to this tour, as our last tour was probably the best we had in 1981. The response was tremendous."

Despite this apparent keenness by the masters of refined reggae to rediscover their fantasy land, this tour went extremely close to being called off. Money is many times a stronger language than emotions.

"There were problems," said James .

"We weren't sure about the need to invest so much money in the tour. As independents we have to pay for our own touring, and we were worried about losing thousands of pounds. At the last moment we panicked, but things have now been sorted out."

Brown said that to cut costs, the group would work on a shoe-string here.

"Very little equipment will be brought out. Personal instruments and that's it. I'm not even bringing my drum set. I'm going to hire one over there."

But this does not infer that the concerts will also be skimpy?

"They should be interesting. We have still to work out what the set will be, but it's certain that about all the material will be new, with a lot from the latest album, *UB44*."

They will also introduce their next single *I've Got Mine*, which was recently recorded in Switzerland following an extensive European tour.

"Switzerland was a really nice place to work. The studio was right up in the mountains, and it was quite stimulating waking up and having these beautiful mountains all around. Unfortunately it only took four to five days to record, and we were trying to stretch it out a little."

This capped a frantic year for the band, as they were on the road for most of 1982 to "rekindle an interest that was lost a little with the *Present Arms* album.

"We appreciate there were all sorts of reasons for this, including lack of availability of the LP particularly in Europe and general distribution problems. But with *UB44*, we feel we are regaining popularity."

UB40 (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

The group has also had to put up with some adverse press in their home country. They were criticised for their "lack of progression" music-wise, particularly on *Present Arms*.

Although agreeing that the three albums covered similar ground, Brown said the negative press did not unduly concern the band.

"I think we have mainly been criticised for still being into reggae. But I don't have any respect for the English music press anyway. They don't bear much relationship to what the people really like. The media though have stopped giving us a rough time. Now they are ignoring us, which makes me very happy."

Another bugbear for the group has been the media's zest in electing *UB40* as the spokesmen for just about every minority group, including the embittered unemployed, and anti-institution youth. This is predictable. The lyrics couched behind the subtle beat are inevitably political, constantly dealing with injustices and mixed-up morals. Yet UB40 believe this is purely coincidental.

"The political side has been overplayed. We are first and foremost a dance band, and the fact that we sing political lyrics just makes us feel a little bit better.

"We don't want to be spokesmen for anyone, all we want to be is spokesmen for ourselves. The lives we lead now really don't bear much relationship to the people we started singing about, so it's really not up to us to represent them."

UB40 are also out to diversify. Apart from finishing off a dub version of their second album, the lads are also searching for talent to sign to their own independent production company, Dep.

"We're literally scouting around for anything. Hopefully, by the end of this year we will have some hits apart from UB40 on our label. While in Australia we'll be happy to receive demo tapes from anybody. We are really open to suggestions and are definitely approachable. We do try to keep things as open as possible, we don't just whiz in, do a concert and then whiz out again."

So who knows? They may have to set up a Sydney Dep branch to cope with the backlog of cheapo demo cassettes thrust their way during their three-week stay.

And no second guesses on who would volunteer to look after the shop. . .

GREG GROWDEN

GOLDRUSH
Let's Get Serious (But Still Draw Like Picasso)

It's possibly a tribute to the innate conservatism of the Great Australian Public that a band which owes much of its character to the early Eagles, Poco and the bluegrass end of the Doobie Brothers spectrum, should draw crowds like Picasso drew naked women — prolifically.

But it must be acknowledged that this, Goldrush do — even by those who just *can't* acknowledge the relevance to the aforementioned Great Australian Public (GAP?) of climaxing a set with *Sweet Home Alabama*. 'Southern Man' does translate to *homo Australis*, it seems.

Certainly, in the four years since they formed, Goldrush have never been short of an audience. They're something of a phenomenon: a band which has never recorded, but consistently draws crowds like a hospital in time of plague (a most unfortunate metaphor, that). *(Disgusting, actually — Ed.)* Like all things and people, they've got both good points and bad: the plusses are probably guitarist Phil Emmanuel, banjo-ace Mark Collins and the generally accessible nature of their music: undisturbing, somewhat unchallenging, but likeable and pleasant. The minuses, the things which have held them back until now, are their lack of originals and perhaps a certain lack of aggression and character.

The first (if not the second) is about to be remedied. When Goldrush decided to take a six week break a year ago, their set contained only about a fifth of originals. They'd played solidly, six or seven nights a week, for the previous three years without any real holidays, and understandably enough the band's leader, singer and guitarist David Mare, had trouble finding time (let alone the energy) to boost the quota of original material. The entire band, in fact, had severe road fatigue.

The holiday proved such a welcome change it ended up lasting 11 months. Phil Emmanuel formed a band with his well-known guitarist brother Tommy; as the Emmanuel Brothers' Wiz Band they were highly successful. Mark Collins flew to San Francisco to have his banjo repaired (with a father who works for Qantas this was not as expensive as it would be for the general run of humanity), and David Mare retreated to the Gulf of Carpentaria to write some songs. He wound up with ten or so, which will gradually find their way into the repertoire, displacing various covers. *Sweet Home Alabama* will be first to go.

Mare has a nice, even face which remains *nice* and *even* even as he hears his band described as 'tame' and 'conservative'. It's a point of view, he concedes, though not one he agrees with. While not disputing Goldrush's debt to the American west coast country-rockers of the mid-70s ("Yeah, this is true — but good music has a habit of being timeless, y'know?"), he doesn't feel this is the definitive summation of Goldrush's style.

Goldrush — Doug Bligh, Chris Haigh, Phil Emmanuel, Mark Collins, David Mare (since departed).

"I reckon it's contemporary," he counters, "because the way we do it is different to everybody else. I don't write songs particularly in a country-rock vein; I just write songs lyrically and melodically the way they come out." *(Ouch! The chicken and the egg again. . .)*

"My writing is a product of my situation at the time, though you *could* say I'm a product myself of the music I grew up with and that was early and mid-70s American music. I think I've more in common with the singer-songwriters — Richard Clapton, Mark Gillespie, Danny O'Keefe — than with bands like the Eagles, but yeah, at the time the Eagles probably influenced me and a lot of other people besides. They were a great band."

Whether Goldrush themselves could ever launch a million sales remains to be seen, but they'll soon be given the opportunity to try. A live album, recorded at the end of '81 as a 2JJJ live-to-air, is likely to be released in the very near future, to be followed by a studio single and, they hope, a studio album some time later. With the market so depresse it's a discouraging time to be launching one's recording career, but secure in a substantial live following, Goldrush are — though not *aggressively* so — confident in their future.

ELLY McDONALD

PROFESSOR HUMP'N'FUNK

GEORGE CLINTON, the psychedelic funkster, the man who put several nations under the groove of PARLIAMENT, FUNKADELIC, BOOTSY COLLINS etc., has come back from the swamps of protracted litigation to present his first 'solo' LP. PAOLO HEWITT twitches along.

HE WEARS boots with six inch heels, a gaudy mixture of green and red. His speech is fast and hip, spat out at a rate Richard Pryor would be hard pressed to match. Like his music, the words tend to sprawl, shooting off on stream of consciousness tangents before finally landing back at base.

What he says, when decipherable, is either pure genius, cosmic bullshit or the words of a madman. Take your pick. George Clinton is also lively, friendly with a constant gush of energy that makes you uncomfortable in his company, embarrassed by your own stilted, reserved nature.

For the last 15 years Clinton has established himself as a kind of mad professor of funk through his various groups, Parliament, Funkadelic, P-Funk All Stars, never stopping to bide by the rules, but forging ahead with a colourful, crazy mixture of music, words and attitude.

He has stood at the top of his profession with songs like *One Nation Under A Groove* and several million selling albums only, in recent years, to find himself spiralling down, written off as all kinds of legal warfare have been let loose around him.

He's seen both ends of the spectrum and devised all kinds of philosophies to get him through. This year his philosophy is this. "Without humps there would be no getting over. The bigger the hump the higher the get over." And if anyone knows about humps then George Clinton is your man. Mainman.

HE WAS born in North Carolina, 1941, under amusing circumstances — "My mother went to the outhouse for the toilet and had me instead." The Clinton family (sans father who left when he was five) moved around America before settling in Newark, New Jersey where George was to spend his adolescence. By the time he was 13 he knew he'd spend his life making music.

"I saw Frankie Lymon," he says, "and thought 'Holy shit! I want to do that.' I tried everything. I tried boxing and baseball and everybody sang on the corners. It was the same time that was compatible to what happened in The Fonzie, the same era. You know, pinball, juke boxes and you sang on the corner. You doo-wopped, you did all that."

Inspired by this clear sounding music, George put together his first group, Parliament, first as a doo-wop amalgamation, later expanding it into a ten-piece soul band just about the time, mid-Sixties, when America started to erupt into race riots. By then George had a hit record.

Following a loose liaison with Motown through a subsidiary company (none of the material was ever released), George began running into the kind of record company hassles that have dogged him all his life.

Parliament's label closed down for two reasons and, unable to release anything under the name of Parliament, George formed a splinter group — Funkadelic. First they went to Invictus, home of Chairmen Of The Board, and then onto Casablanca before finally signing with WEA.

Meanwhile an early ambition of George's was slowly being realised. He wanted to found a musical family which would branch out into various areas of music and splinter into different groups who would be signed by an assortment of record companies. And the man who gave him the idea?

"It was what's his name? That fella. . . what's his name? The guy who had the Bobby Sox and the Blue Jeans? Eh. . . Phil Spector. Phil Spector, and Motown did. Motown I guess was the first real obvious part of that family thing, so I'd been indoctrinated into that family.

"But then Phil Spector did it on a personal level with about 20 other people, so having seen that, I could take a turn at doing that. Go multi and have a bunch of groups and have them all on different labels and don't matter which one has a hit, we'd just do it right."

George's dream finally took shape and form with the arrival of one William Collins, better known to all as Bootsy.

"Bootsy and his group came in," says George, "and that was a whole different concept within itself. So what I did was record Bootsy by himself as another group, recorded Parliament which sounded like that but a little grown up. Bootsy was aimed more at kids — we called it silly serious — Parliament was a little older and Funkadelic was for a little older than that. We separated it like that.

"Then we tried to make *everyone* pay their way, so we had background female singers and we made them into a group called The Brides and that one worked pretty good. They couldn't always be singing with us so we got The Parlettes and they did alright.

"So we just kept on going and then each individual member started getting contracts. Bernie Worrell was on Arista, Eddie Hazell was on WEA, Parliament on Casablanca, Funkadelic on WEA, Bootsy on WEA, Sweat Band was on Uncle Jam (Clinton's own label), Jessica Cleeves on Uncle Jam, Zapp was on Warner Brothers and Roger was, too."

What Clinton and key members did with these groups was to forge a distinctive fusion of disparate sources, "r'n'b psychedelic music", whose echoes can still be heard today in people such as The Gap Band and Rick James. Basically, in fact, Clinton revolutionised funk in the early Seventies.

By mixing and throwing together anything from the MC5 to Eddie Floyd and not forgetting to cap it with drug consciousness and a political awareness, Clinton created — and still creates — a distinctive uninhibited dance music, promoted with a variety of spectacular stage shows and lively, colourful propaganda on the LP sleeves.

He was rewarded with hit after hit, talked about in the same breath as, say, James Brown and was quite easily the hippest cat on his block. He appealed to both a rock audience weaned on Sixties radical politics and to aware black kids who recognised the funk at the core of this crazy hotch-potch he had given birth to.

But when the money started rolling in, so did the problems. It would take too much space to fully explain the suits, counter suits, court battles and all the rest of the legal mess Clinton has fought through, but one thing is for sure — the more they tried to knock Clinton off his seat the more he's been bouncing right back.

In fact, even though the situation will probably change in the next five minutes, Clinton now has only one case left before he finally cleans up all the hassles. Meanwhile, he found time in '82 to do a credible P-Funk All Stars single with such luminaries as Bobby Womack; produced and mixed a dynamic Xavier single; wrote a solo LP, cleared up his financial problems and nearly got busted with Sly Stone for an alleged drugs offence.

Surprisingly, *Computer Games* is

George Clinton — Man At His Best! (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

Clinton's debut solo album and with *Loopzilla*, the single, causing something of a stir with its repeated references to *Planet Rock* and amusing Motown pastiche, Clinton may well have cleared the biggest hump yet.

Then again without the humps there's no getting over.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Clinton's solo LP deals with the new technology that threatens to take us over. He's become besotted by computer games, and taken it upon himself to write music that fits the concept.

"It makes you wriggle some muscles that you never thought possible," he says of his new LP. "When I first saw those video games on TV and the kids copying them and doing dances. I said 'How the hell can they do *that*????' You wouldn't believe it was possible to see the way these kids could synchronise and syncopate their bodies together. So consequently you got to learn the right song.

"I did some things," he continues, racing away with himself again, "that George Clinton would have done, like *Get Dressed*, which is the type of song that Bootsy and I would have done and he did in fact do it. *Dog Is A Man's Best Friend* is an old Funkadelic vibe, like *Maggot Brain*, and *One Fun At A Time* is the old Motown era of pop sounding songs. I just tried to do the old George Clinton and the George Clinton of today in the songs.

"Excessiveness," he breathes, "serious excessiveness like I would have done with Funkadelic or silliness if it had been Parliament."

George abruptly dismisses the other funk groups. All except Prince, Time and Vanity 6. "The rest of them sound like a half-time band at a football game. Most of them sound like B-sides of Parliament/Funkadelic. They sound like themselves copying themselves copying Funkadelic."

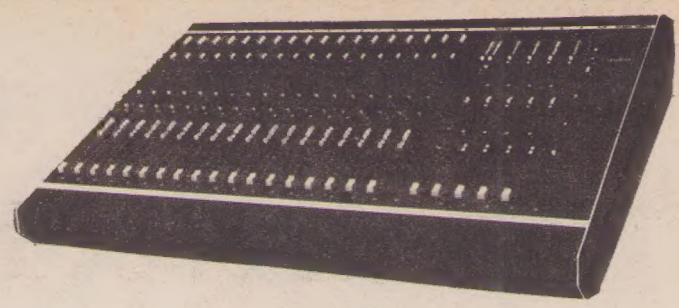
George also refuses to see himself as the leader of his self-created family, knocking down anyone who wants to look up to him. "I refuse to let them do it," he says, "because I ain't going to live up to no shit like that. I'm not going to be a guru to someone I've known all my life."

(Pic: UPI)

At 42, though, one wonders how long George Clinton will remain at the top. Certainly *Computer Games* is proof that none of his crazy vision is diminishing with time. There's talk of a new Funkadelic LP soon, entitled *By Way Of The Drum* which will explore the native music of the Bahamas. Apparently the government there, keen to attract tourist trade, have invited the group down and George will base the LP around their visit.

"I do believe," says George Clinton, "that if you keep applying and believe that you're as good as you want to believe, *that's* how good you're going to be."

George Clinton is still a believer. Humps and all.



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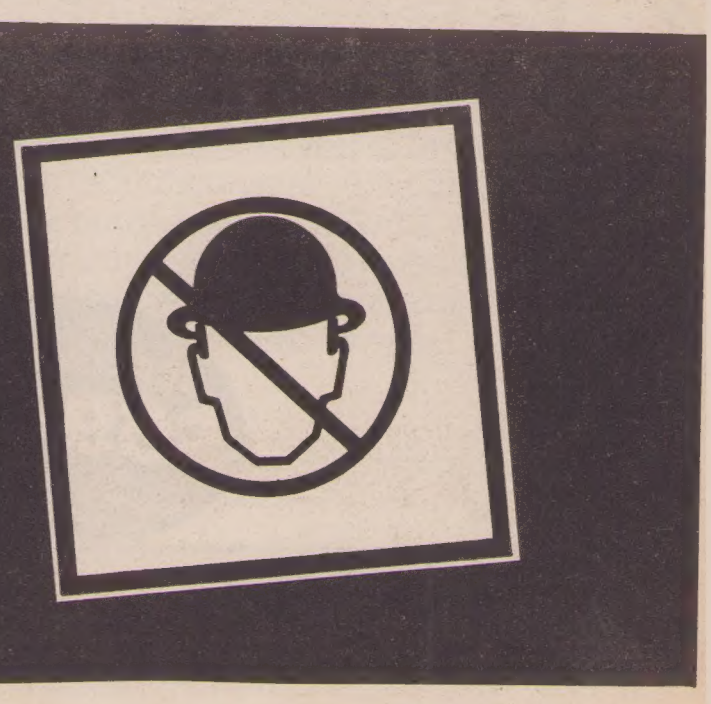

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HITMEN — Holding Action

Tales of Best Yobbos, from JOHNNY KANNIS to STEVE KULAK

Kannis and Masuak pledge Eternal Adenoids (Pic: Bob King)

FTER five singles and two albums, the whole rock'n'roll circus still tends to shy away from the Hitmen. No real exposure except that earned from hard stage play, and radio won't touch 'em. Although at first WEA, then RCA found enough confidence in the band to sign them (the first inking on RCA's new Australian Black Label), it could be that everyone's waiting for the inevitable 'cleaning up process'. Or perhaps it's that Birdman legacy.

"I can't understand the comparison," wonders a slow-grunting Johnny-the-K.

"Our music's not really like that. . .it's got a pop tinge to it. Sure we play two Birdman songs. Some people yell out when they see my tattoo and Chris (Masuak), but at least the media's stopped calling us second-rate Birdmen.

"My tattoo, you know, I got that when I was 16. I guess it's Chris. . .once Chris leaves it'll be okay!"

He laughs a little like he looks. . .a drawling caveman who's just heard a good dinosaur joke. Still, comparisons or no, Johnny-the-K's stage attack owes much to the same fuel-injected Detroit diesels that made Birdman such an overwhelming live proposition.

"Down south (i.e. Sydney suburbs like Caringbah, Cronulla) we're always having trouble with over-enthusiastic fans that just drag you off the stage. You got to leave them do that. . .but the road crew get carried away!

"I don't care what other people do as long as those who want to sit back and watch don't get interfered with."

I remind him of a particularly violent north coast affair I'd witnessed.

Johnny looks at bass player Tony Robertson: "You know who started that, don't ya?"

Tony looks at Johnny: "Brad Shepherd's cousin started that! He hadn't seen him for about six or seven years. We just walked off. . .blood and face flying everywhere. We got an encore, played one chord and it was all on again."

Johnny: "Just drunk — a real yobbo."

But isn't that really your style of audience? I ask, bemused.

"Nah. . .we're more yobbos than our audience!"

Johnny Kannis (Pic: Mark Green)

It Is What It Is

Johnny-the-K wasn't the original Birdman M.C. back at the Funhouse in '76, but when the 'position' became available, he forgets whether someone "asked me or maybe I just jumped up and started crapping on".

"I saw a picture of Dick Manitoba (of The Dictators) in *Creem* wearing white tails and fuzzy hair. . .I mean, he looked really off. So I thought I'd just turn up at a Birdman Fun Affair and 'take over'."

It's a common fable of rock extinction that overseas proved too much even for Radio Birdman, particularly after the Flamin' Groovies support tour of England in '77-78.

"At that time, I had Johnny and the Hitmen — a seven-piece band with two girl singers, but we didn't play much. When Chris dropped in, we just got together with a couple of friends and started playing up the Rex at the Cross, doing Chris's backlog of songs he'd written in Birdman. That was in July 1978.

"Warwick (Gilbert from Birdman) joined about the same time Ivor Hay from the Saints did. That's when we started to get *serious* and started thinking of agencies, contracts and things. . .different to the way Birdman used to do it."

Although a powerhouse live (particularly a few of those early gigs at the Stagedoor Tavern), the band had problems in the studio. Ivor Hay left.

"Ever since that day, we've had line-up changes every six months," laughs-the-K.

Survival in the music business. . . it's a continual battle with compromise. Which brings us to the new album. Chris Masuak likes the songs "'cause he wrote most of 'em", but *hates* the production. Spending only eight hours in preparation (and that mostly on the vocal), has resulted in some rather disappointing sounds.

"When we heard the first mixes," says Johnny ruefully, "we had complaints. They (producers Bruce Brown and Russell Dunlop) explained that that was the best they could do with the time available, because they were also doing the Mentals' new album, which they'd committed themselves to first.

"They were going for something and they figured they'd got it, whereas we were going for a lot more. At first we wanted the guy who engineered the Stooges' albums, but RCA figured it wasn't worth bringing him out with the chance he may not deliver the goods. They advised us we should experiment with producers, and that Bruce and Russell had a good commercial ear for production — a good radio mix.

"Those Birdman albums with Charles Fisher sounded great, but we were told who we 'needed', ya know, and I guess we blew it.

"Chris felt it was wrong from the start."

When The Idol Sings

Working with the Stooges' engineer would definitely have been the go in compatibility stakes. *No Clue* is the album's final clue.

"That was written back in '76-77 when I was listening to Iggy Pop," admits Johnny-the-K. "Rob Younger and Iggy are the two singers I most admire. I don't listen to The Stooges anymore though; don't like what he's doing. . .been hanging around David Bowie too much. I sold most of my albums when I was broke.

"That's when the Hitmen were at their peak. We used to eat by selling records we'd get for nothing from WEA. Ha!"

After a cross-country prowl with Steppenwolf early last year, which saw the departure of original bassist Warwick Gilbert, and a promise of more support touring in the USA ("We had to put in a lot of our own money, and we didn't think it was worth wasting with nothing to promote at the same time"), the release of *It Is What It Is* still hasn't quenched their appetite for more recorded product, nor made them less confident of eventually hitting the mark. Undaunted by the loss of guitarist Shepherd ("Brad got impatient. . .he joined under the impression we'd make it immediately. I don't think anyone's noticed the difference"), the Hitmen want O.S..

"All we need's the right product. I was over there recently feeling the way, and a band like us would just kill it on the East Coast."

As long as they get the production they want, and don't mellow too much with the strain, I don't see why anybody with Johnny-the-K's booze-and-beard caveman kitsch *shouldn't* hit. . .

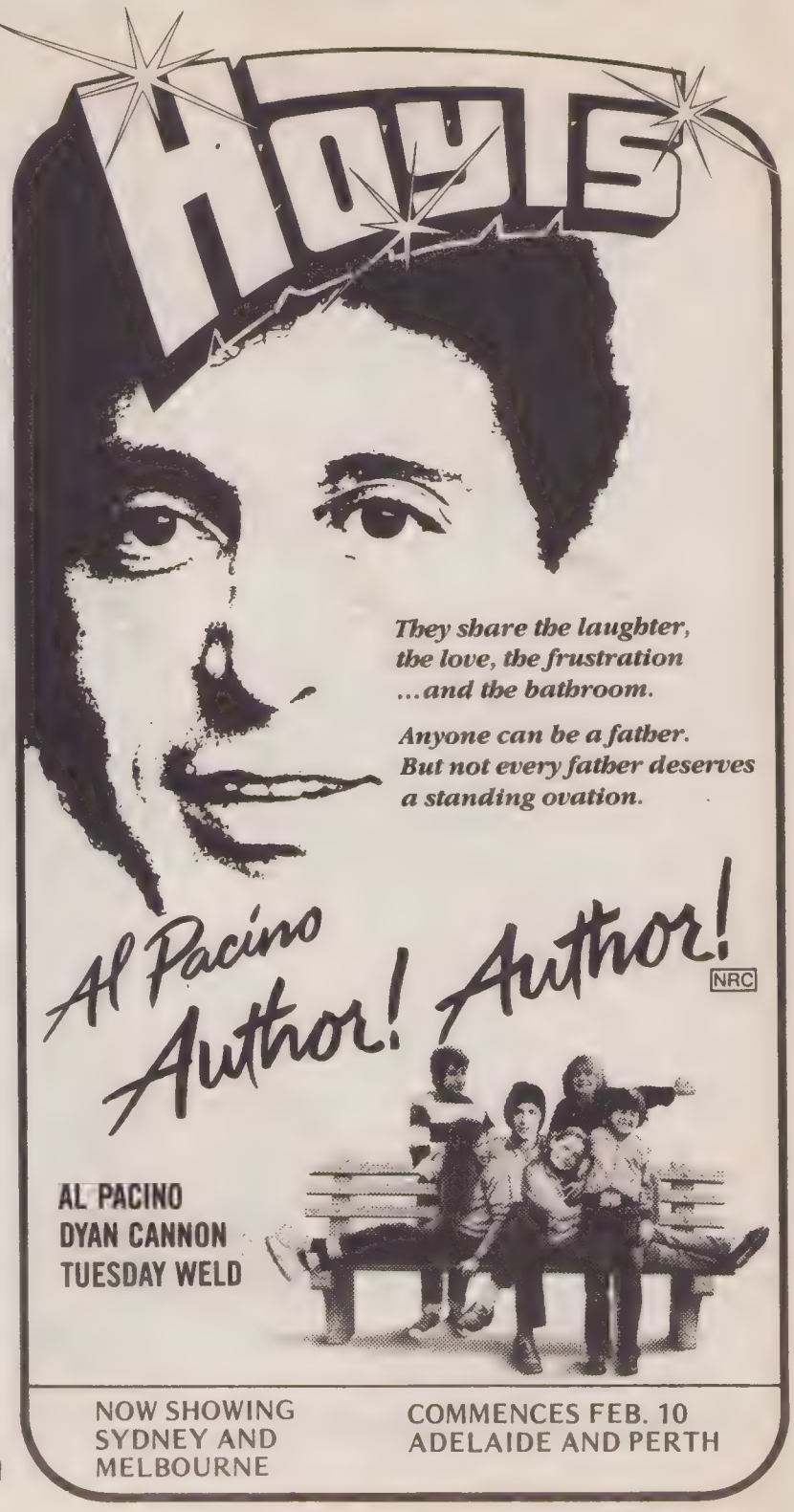
"We don't want to sound filthy all our lives."

"I'm only an animal when I'm on stage."

"I fish, listen to records, and eat out a lot."

"I may not look like it, but I'm fuckin' Australian."

. . . how could the Yanks *not* like someone who says things like that?


HOYTS
They share the laughter, the love, the frustration ...and the bathroom.
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Though SIMON and GARFUNKEL haven't recorded a studio album together in twelve years, they're still hanging round, as big as ever. PHIL STAFFORD wonders if it's more than suspended animation. . .

"SO THIS kangaroo walked over to the bar and said. . . 'I know this is going to come as a disappointment to you, but Art Garfunkel is not going to be here tonight. Instead, my brother is going to give a guitar lesson on the spot'."

NEW YORK, 1975. — The giant American TV network NBC is taping an edition of its *Saturday Night* variety programme, and as guest host, Paul Simon is determined not to be upstaged. He'd issued a directive before accepting the spot to the effect that he "didn't want it pushed as a Simon and Garfunkel show", and carried the mock vitriol through as the tall, awkward visage of Art Garfunkel shuffled its way centre-stage.

"So, you've come crawling back. . .?"

The lanky one retorted drily with: "It's very nice of you to invite me on *your* show," as deadpan as he could muster.

***'Tonight I'll sing my songs again/I'll play the game and pretend'. . . Homeward Bound.* (1966)**

Roll away the stone — after a five-year separation, the resurrection. But it seemed the old jibing rivalry had resurfaced as well. As tongue-in-cheek was the banter between the two, a measure of residual tension was evident in the stiffness of their onstage repartee, as the pair ran through the obligatory medley of their old hits, and their new single, *My Little Town*. The song had appeared on both of their newly-released solo albums, and was written by Simon in one of his rare 'look back in anger' moods.

Though Simon had apparently written the melody before the lyric, Garfunkel had shown such a liking for the melody that the song was offered to him. At the time, Paul had told Art that he "sang too many sweet songs", and had "toughened up" the lyrics for the specific purpose of adding "a nasty song" to Garfunkel's repertoire. One wonders if Art would have been as eager to accept the song if he'd scanned the lyrics beforehand.

***'In my little town, I never meant nothin'/I was just my father's son/Saving my money, dreaming of glory/Twitching like a finger on the trigger of a gun'. . .My Little Town.* (1975)**

Though it was Garfunkel who suggested the song be included on both their albums, Simon disowned the lyric.

"It's not written about my life, *my* feelings," he told the music press of the day.

But Art could relate to it. To that point, he had long been in Simon's shadow. In the years since *Bridge Over Troubled Water* had spanned the chasm of international success in 1970, Simon had advanced his reputation as one of popular music's most eclectic songwriters. Garfunkel had meanwhile done little to lift himself out of the backing harmony vocalist rut he had dug for himself during the duo's early years. Instead, he had sought and found a measure of respect as an actor, with revered performances in *Carnal Knowledge* and *Catch 22*. Music took a supporting role in the meantime — like Simon, Garfunkel had recorded two solo albums: the gooily sentimental *Angel Clare*, and a tougher rejoinder, *Breakaway*. The stature of both had been more than eclipsed by Simon's corresponding releases, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* and *Still Crazy After All These Years*. The strength of Simon's songwriting served only to reinforce his position as the creative force behind the duo.

So, if Garfunkel was feeling like the archetypal poor relation accepting an invitation to appear with rich uncle Simon on the *Saturday Night* show, it was not entirely without reason.

Though he provided the close harmonies that had long been the duo's trademark, Garfunkel neither wrote nor played an instrument. That long-held image of him standing woodenly on stage in the classic pose of not knowing what to do with his hands was to stay with him right up to the seminal reunion performance of 1981, *The Concert In Central Park*. Surrounded by a daunting brace of sessioneers, and with Paul Simon beside him on acoustic guitar, Garfunkel had good reason to feel ill at ease — until he opened his mouth to sing. That piercingly clear high tenor was all he needed to justify his place in the partnership — and Simon's songs, as always, were the perfect medium for his instrument. No doubt Simon realised this as he mooted that initial reunion seven years ago, and as Garfunkel said at the time: "Paul and I are very aware of the commercial potency of Simon and Garfunkel."

Understandable that the duo made light of their past differences, and plunged anew into the serious business of exploiting that potency. But the choices weren't always so clear. . .

***'Can you imagine us years from today/Sharing a park bench quietly?/Old friends, memory brushes the same years/Silently sharing the same fears'. . . Old Friends.* (1968)**

Simon and Garfunkel first performed together while still at school in New York, and had their first taste of success (though short-lived) as a be-bop high school singing duo called Tom (Graph) and Jerry (Landis). One of a clutch of tunes they recorded at a local studio was *Hey! Schoolgirl*, which became a U.S. Top 40 hit in 1957.

Seven years elapsed, during which Simon travelled to England and plied the folk-club circuit as a solo act,

Together again at first for the last time? (Pic: Frank Griffin/LFI)

(Pic: Paul Canty/LFI)

arousing sufficient interest to eventually land a CBS recording contract on his return to America. He and Garfunkel, who had now reverted to using their own names, borrowed folk protest from Dylan and harmonies from the Everly Brothers and recorded their debut album in 1964, *Wednesday Morning 3 A.M.* The Dylan link was more than coincidental, as the album was produced by Tom Wilson, who had been involved with all of the Zim's albums from *Freewheelin'*. Consisting in the main of Paul Simon originals and augmented by standard folk material, this first excursion onto vinyl went largely unnoticed.

The following year, Simon took up an option to record an album in London with CBS: the result was *The Paul Simon Songbook*, a sparsely produced collection of his own songs, accompanied solely by himself on guitar. Well-received critically, the album generated enough interest to sustain work for Simon throughout Europe for the rest of that year.

While Simon traded on the success of *Songbook*, Tom Wilson attempted to breathe new life into *Wednesday Morning 3 A.M.* back in the States. He took a cut from the album, *The Sound Of Silence*, dropped in guitar, bass and drums (unbeknowns to Simon and Garfunkel), and released the song as a single. Its revitalised folk-rock sound shot it to No. 1 in the U.S.: the success formula had been hit upon by accident. This brought Simon scuttling homeward from Europe, and he and Garfunkel set up a campus tour, as they were fast becoming the darlings of the student set.

Sounds of Silence became the title of their second album, which realised their second hit, *Homeward Bound*, written by Simon during leaner times in England. In fact, most of the material was drawn from Simon's by now formidable stock of songs, including a sizeable culling from *The Paul Simon Songbook*, the album that broke him as an English coffeehouse sensation. These numbers also received the instrumental remoulding treatment, an obviously conscious ploy towards commercialism which reached saccharine-laced extremes on the following LP, *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme*. Bob Johnston's strictly MOR production cluttered the album with grandiose string arrangements, exacerbating the already cloyingly sweet harmonies that were Garfunkel's specialty. Although America lapped it up, the duo played to half-full houses on a tour of Britain in 1967.

A more 'serious' (in terms of lyric content) album followed in the same year. *Bookends* interfaced one side of vignettes examining the darker aspects of humanity (depression, despair, anxiety) with another of B-sides from previously issued singles. This pointed out that Simon's writing output was by now anything but prolific — but there was one song among those re-issues that would catapult the duo to a level of success beyond their expectations. Simon had written *Mrs Robinson* for the soundtrack of a movie, *The Graduate*, hardly knowing the extent of exposure that song was to receive, as both the film and the soundtrack album worked hand in glove to elevate Simon and Garfunkel to previously unscaled heights of popularity in both England and America.

So it was a short step to over-the-top acclaim, and that was achieved with the release of *Bridge Over Troubled Water* in 1970 — the title track was a global

• No. 1, and undoubtedly helped the album toward its status as third-highest seller of all time.

End of story, as far as joint recording of new material went. With the looming spectre of *Bridge* performing as phenomenally well as it did, the pressure of producing a comparable followup inevitably told on the two continuing as a partnership. It was also well-known that Simon had become increasingly dissatisfied with the image of the duo as the ultimate coffee table accessory, and had voiced his opinion more than once on the velvet-gloved production techniques that had come to typify their recordings. In search of a sparser, grittier, more credible vehicle for his songs, Simon turned down the solo path amid rumours of a bitter dissolution between himself and his partner.

By this time, Garfunkel had accepted a role in the film adaptation of Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*, which doubtless accelerated the eventual split.

***'I am a rock, I am an island/And a rock feels no pain, And an island never cries'. . . I Am A Rock.* (1965)**

The parting of the ways seemed to benefit them both: Simon's solo career leapt ahead, while Garfunkel's acting sojourn brought his share of plaudits, proving he was more than a pretty voice. His musical dabblings took a downturn however, with the release of his first solo album, *Angel Clare*, a gaggingly syrupy collection of maudlin ballads which served only to label him conclusively as the weak link in the erstwhile partnership.

If that was so, then Simon's strengths as a songwriter of infinite class and a solo performer of convincing merit became doubly apparent. His material carried new conviction, exuded a disarming honesty, and radiated taste and wit, leaving the overblown excesses of S&G far behind.

His first solo outing, *Paul Simon* was sparely produced, exposing his greatest attributes (his writing and acoustic guitar playing); gone were the multiple strings and layered harmonies of past years, and Simon's obvious joy with his new environment saw a corresponding upturn in writing output. *Paul Simon* produced a Top 10 single, *Mother And Child Reunion*, delightful in its simplicity of arrangement and upvibe bluebeat feel.

Simon's new-found favour as a solo performer surged further forward with the release of his second LP, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, which spawned separate hits in the US *(Kodachrome)* and the UK *(Take Me To The Mardi Gras)*. 1973 saw him undertake a massive American and European tour with a backing gospel group, the Jessy Dixon singers —out of this came the *Live Rhymin'* album, followed by his third solo studio LP two years later, cited by many as his creative high point. *Still Crazy After All These Years*, an introspective collection which documented (in part) the breakup of his marriage, was released just prior to his 'reunion' with Garfunkel on that *Saturday Night* show in October, 1975.

***'Time, time, time — See what's become of me?/While I looked around for my possibilities/I was so hard to please/But look around, leaves are brown/And the sky is a hazy shade of winter/Hang on to your hopes my friend/That's an easy thing to say/But if your hopes should pass away/Simply pretend that you can build them again'. . . A Hazy Shade of Winter.* (1966)**

The years apart had afforded each the chance to forge a separate identity — though Simon attained a larger measure of success in pursuance of his — and represented a time for reflection, for exploring new avenues. What was it brought them together once more, aside from the obvious commercial viability of a reunion performance? Insecurity? Keeping the customers satisfied? Renascent inspiration? Irrefutable destiny?

***'After changes upon changes/We are more or less the same'. . . The Boxer.* (1968)**

For whatever the reason, it happened. And it happened again in 1981, with *The Concert In Central Park*. You can rule out Money as the prime motivating force, as Simon sunk $750,000 of his own into staging and videotaping the whole shebang. (Although the video was later sold to the highest bidder for a cool million.)

"The truth is, neither Artie nor I feel our lives rise and fall on hit albums or flop albums," remarked Simon at the time. "Of course, it's great when you have a hit and a disappointment when you don't. But I don't think we'd get together if the potential for a joyous reunion wasn't there. We'd never decide to grit our teeth just to make a coupla million dollars."

Maybe the rationale could be unearthed by sifting through the intervening years since the duo's fleeting 1975 reunion. Both their solo careers took a downturn as they neared the dreaded milestone: Simon and Garfunkel turned 40 in 1982, and as the former had observed six years previously, "Many people don't arrive at the full flood of their creative powers until they are in their thirties. . ." As the flood ebbed for both Simon and Garfunkel's solo careers, it seemed logical to head for more secure backwaters.

Garfunkel had slaved for a year on his last solo album, *Scissors Cut*, only to see it sink without trace. After the encouraging success of an earlier single, the embarrassingly sentimental *Bright Eyes*, he felt confident his latest 45, *Heart In New York* would perform as well. It barely made an impression on the charts, and to his added consternation, Garfunkel's movie career lay in tatters following the flop of Nicholas Roeg's *Bad Timing — A Sensual Obsession*. Though Garfunkel considered his performance in the film his best to date, *Bad Timing* was only mildly successful in Europe and struck out in the States.

Simon had meanwhile fared little better. *One Trick Pony*, the movie he wrote and starred in, was certified a box office failure just weeks after release. Though the soundtrack album made a respectable dent in the charts, Simon was far from pleased with the state of his career.

***'All my words come back to me/In shades of mediocrity/Like emptiness in harmony/I need someone to comfort me'. . .Homeward Bound.* (1966)**

Life begins at 40? It seems its lease has been renewed for Simon and Garfunkel, nonetheless. But whether trading on past glories is anything to be joyous about is something only the duo can reconcile.

They're currently engaged in a virtual world tour, (taking in Australia this month), and if their rediscovered sense of togetherness can withstand the touring grind, Simon and Garfunkel can be expected to hang around for a few years yet. Where that will leave Simon's projected fifth solo album is anyone's guess — maybe he'll consider tossing a few songs into the ring for a new S&G studio album?

***'Time it was, and what a time it was/A time of innocence, a time of confidences/Long ago it must be, I have a photograph/Preserve your memories/They're all that's left you'. . . Bookends.* (1968)**

(Pic: Frank Griffin/LFI)

ROCKIN'

Bopping east of Budapest with TREVOR JONES, DIANA GILHESPY and PAUL RAMBALI.

Russian producer David Tykhmanov

INEVITABLY, SOVIET rock is a creation of its political, cultural and social circumstances. Soviet society is different to other Eastern Bloc countries in that social control is tighter and surveillance is higher. Its vast size (one sixth of the world's land mass and 12 time zones) and cultural diversity (126 languages) make official communication daunting, let alone an embryo "underground" network.

Even bands who're officially tolerated have difficulties in obtaining equipment and recording as there's only one international standard rock recording studio.

Social realism is the prevailing official ideology and unsurprisingly it's defined by the Communist Party. This results in a bias towards classical rock, classically trained musicians and lyrics confined — but not exclusively — within Marxist-Leninist terms of reference. Punk runs against the official grain both in terms of style and content, and Baltic bands like Aquarium are officially regarded as "bad taste". 'Progressive' Soviet rock is Genesis-orientated but sharper, as Wakemanesque self-indulgent half-hour solo ballast is pitched overboard.

As in the UK, the dominant pop sound is disco. Whether Soviet rock is about fans being socially conditioned or lack of choice is difficult to ascertain, but Western rock influence varies from heavy metal and new wave synthesiser to UB40 and The Beat. Ironically, The Fun Boy Three's single *The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum* is one of Radio Moscow's theme tunes.

Traditionally, the authorities have at best been suspicious and ambiguous, and at worst hostile towards rock music — "bourgeois decadence". But their attitude is changing as Soviet society changes beneath their feet. Soviet youth are a problem for them, and this is highlighted by growing vandalism and the birth of graffiti.

Young Soviets are into rock, style, non-conformity and they're frustrated and bored. Old notions of healthy table-tennis playing youth hold as much appeal as bubonic plague, and their culture and material expectations outdistance those of older generations. They see traditional ideas of authority and self-discipline as a challenge rather than a fixed norm.

Official attitudes towards rock are still ambiguous. Rock is seductive as a social control mechanism, but the authorities remain wary.

THE RUSSIAN PHIL SPECTOR

IT'S A WARM winter Moscow afternoon, only minus 4. We stand huddled outside the pre-revolutionary grandeur of the National Hotel peering at the commanding presence of the Kremlin, each tower topped with a giant red neon star. A black car pulls up and we pile in the back and drive westwards out of the city. Moscow soon disappears and we're gazing at a sea of snow and pine trees. The ice is broken: "Brezhnev used to live near here."

David Tukhmanov is obviously choosy about his neighbours. We turn down a dirt track and come to an isolated walled villa. The driver swears; his wheels are skidding in the snow. We stumble across the snow towards the spike-top walls and are greeted by the sound of dogs barking. David obviously values his privacy.

Inside the villa, we're ushered into a football pitch of a room: mirrored and soundproofed at one end, with Persian carpets, icons and carved furniture at the other. Coffee, brandy, vodka, rose water and chocolate appear on the table.

David flicks on the video and Valery Leontiev materialises: world-wide Top Ten fodder like a cross between Julio Iglesias and Iron Maiden. Naturally, it's written and produced by David. He plays a demo tape of a new album, *UFO*, by a band called Moscow — musicians playing his material and moulded and controlled by him. *UFO* is standard synthesiser '80s rock. Next, a mid-'70s track, *Ode To Shelley*. Yes at their best, if that's not a contradiction in terms.

The message is crystal clear: David turns his pen from classical rock to pop to new wave. The bands are superfluous, only David Tukhmanov matters.

How did you become involved in rock music?

"Originally, I was a classical composer, but The Beatles made me interested in writing rock music. I prefer their later material. . . they were very raw until *Sergeant Pepper*."

What Western bands influenced you?

"Rod Stewart. . . as a performer he's talented."

As a musician?

(Shrugs shoulders) "He's nothing."

What Western bands are you listening to at the moment?

"Some new wave. I like The Clash. They're musically crude, but their lyrics are strong. New wave is a reaction against complexity for its own sake. It's more emotional and childlike. My new album, *UFO*, will reflect this trend. I like the general image of new wave."

Why do you work with such diverse artists; like Valery Leontiev, who is pop-rock, and Moscow who're new wave?

"Valery has presence like Rod Stewart. He's a great live performer. He's easy to work with and he likes to experiment with different sounds, such as reggae; and we work successfully together.

"Moscow came about through my friendship with Alexei Belov, their lead guitarist and singer, although Moscow comprise different musicians playing on different tracks on *UFO*. I gather musicians together and we work here in my studio."

How would you describe *UFO*?

"In the spirit of new wave. . . Soviet new wave. Traditional rock made easy and combined with new sounds; for example we experiment with electronic sounds on the track *A Million Years BC* and with Russian soul on *Playing Love*."

How do you earn a living?

"I get five kopecks (5¢) in royalties every time a band plays one of my songs or one of my records is played on the radio. I'm lucky (*smiles*). . . this often happens."

THE RUSSIAN ROCK PRESS

WE ARE AT THE editor in chief's office of *Moscow Comsomol* — organ of the Young Communist League, a voluntary organisation to which "99 per cent of Soviet youth belong".

What Western rock bands do you listen to?"

"Mainly British. . . bands like Genesis, Yes, UB40."

You've heard of UB40?

"Yes, we publish a monthly column on Western rock music. We have published for example, articles on Rock Against Racism and on UB40. . . what I believe you call dole queue bands."

Is Russian rock a copy of British rock?

"No. It is distinct. We borrow from Western artists, but we have a separate style.

"Our artists sing mainly in Russian and, musically, we prefer classical rock like your band Genesis. But for us, the lyrics are very important: thus our leading band Time Machine touches upon important problems. Their most popular song last year was *The Turn*, which is a protest against conformism; when young people just want to get married and have nice places to live and nice things. . . UB40 are popular because of their lyrics. We also have bands who are in bad taste."

What is the role of *Moscow Comsomol?*

"Articles about rock musicians appear first in *Moscow Comsomol*. We promote certain groups, for example, Time Machine, Autograph and Valery Leontiev — our first real showman. We also defend the interests of young people."

Your recording industry is nationalised, so how do you decide which bands make records?

"We have a committee comprised of leading musicians — not just rock musicians — and artists, and they decide on merit. How long a band has been playing together, their musical ability and so on."

How do you know which bands and records are popular with the public?

"We receive 1,000 letters a week from readers, and we have charts. We publish a coupon every month, and our readers vote on their favourite songs. At the moment, Elton John is at No. 2 and The Bee Gees, Manfred Mann and Uriah Heep are also in the charts. The other songs are by Soviet artists."

Do you have specific styles of dress?

"No, because there are problems with the availability of certain clothes in our shops. But some young people copy Western styles like your mod style.

"But we have a fashion creator, Viacheslav Ziatsev, who designs clothes just for our youth. Most young people wear jeans and casual clothes."

You said that *Moscow Comsomol* defends the interests of young people. What do you mean?

"We have a problem with vandalism, which can lead to *misunderstandings* between young people and the militia. We argue, in our columns, that young people have nothing to do and that the authorities should provide more places for young people to meet, more venues for rock concerts and discos because disco music is very popular in the Soviet Union."

MACHINA VREMENI. Translation: Time Machine. Russia's No 1 group. Composed of ex-students of architecture and biology, their music, written by the singer Andrei Makarevitch, is reportedly an awful stew of The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Dylan, King Crimson and The Doors. During the '70s, as a result of some scattered live appearances, recodings of which circulated on bootleg cassettes, Time Machine became an underground legend. In 1980, the authorities decided the safest option was to sponsor them. Under the watchful guidance of the Ministry of Culture, Time Machine now spend six months out of 12 on tour. Last year, Time Machine recorded an album in New York. The title: Chasing After Success.

RUSSIN

THE RUSSIAN GENESIS

MOSCOW UNIVERSITY'S sports complex, a spin-off from the Olympics: we're shunted into two front-stage seats, the only empty seats in the theatre. A mixed audience: families, a block of Red Army squaddies and a forest of short-haired, bedenimed youths struggling to discover style.

Spotlights flare and we suffer 40 minutes of Russian stand-up comics — "Have you heard the one bout the Estonian, the Latvian and the Georgian?" — and Soviet Travolta clones. The squaddies roar, Autograph fans look bored. A laser flicks into action, an explosion. rising smoke and Autograph are into their first number.

Autograph are Genesisesque, but crisper, sharper and better. Sergei Brutian's vocals are neatly complemented by Alexander Sitkovetsky on lead guitar and a skin-tight rhythm section consisting of Leonid Gutkin, bass, Viktor Mikhalin, drums, and Leonid Makazevits, keyboards/synthesiser.

The gig ends and the youth erupt into stamping and cheering. Bewildered families peer at this spontaneous anti-social mass hysteria. Fast hand-clapping is the norm.

Alex and the Leonids are graduates of the Moscow Conservatoire and Victor is a graduate of the Gnesin Music School; only Sergei has no musical training. They became known through live gigs — they're on the road 10 months of the year.

They write all their own music but most of their lyrics are written by the well-known Moscow poets Boris Barkas and Margarita Pushkin, though two of their numbers are based on the book *Martian Chronicles* by the American sci-fi writer Ray Bradbury. Obtaining equipment is a hassle, and most of it is built by themselves or imported from Britain and the States, though Mosconcert (Soviet record label) provided 20,000 roubles for a laser.

Autograph's current pre-occupation is getting studio time to cut their new album and persuading the authorities to let them tour in the UK.

Autograph — Moscow Conservatoire graduates improvise on dry ice backdrop

THE RUSSIAN ('Vile Traitor') DJ

SEVAL LEVENSTEIN is one of the BBC's rock DJs. He does a half-hour show three times a week; playing chart hits, new releases, featuring groups like The Human League, and responding to his listeners' requests and letters.

Seva broadcasts in Russian to up to 40 million listeners to the BBC's External Service behind the Iron Curtain. For ten years, he was a musician and bandleader in the Soviet Union, five of them spent touring the country in a dance band called The Young Blades. In 1975, due to his Jewish heritage, he was allowed to leave Russia on an exit visa to Israel.

If you've never heard Seva's show, don't be too surprised. Seva Levenstein was a musician and bandleader in the Soviet Union, five of them spent touring the country in a dance band called The Young Blades. In 1975, duen to his Jewish heritage, he was allowed to leave Russia on an exit visa to Israel.

Young Soviets are into rock, style, non-conformity and they're frustrated and bored. Old notions of healthy table tennis playing hold as much appeal as bubonic plague. . .

In 1977, he got a job as a translator and broadcaster with the BBC, whose rock slot has long been a feature of their regular six hours a day of Russian language transmissions. Seva's producer, Barry Holland, hosted the shows between 1964-71, and also produces a jazz show that has a wide audience in Russia, where modern jazz is seen as a vigorous symbol of free expression.

Seva, who grew up listening to jazz and r'n'b on the US Radio Free Europe and Voice Of America, is a vital link for his listeners with a colourful and enviable culture.

"Rock is a ten times more powerful emblem of freedom and fun and style in Russia than in the West," says Seva.

Across such a great divide, it needs to be writ large to be understood.

"For two or three years since I took over it was Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple and their splinter groups like Gillan that people wanted to hear. But recently there has been interest in new wave groups like The Clash and synthesiser groups like The Human League."

Correspondence reaches Seva by roundabout means. He estimates that only five per cent of what is sent passes the censor. Letters are posted abroad by merchant seamen. Some are disguised as tirades against him and his show but contain key phrases that he has passed out on the air as a kind of code. "They are using the Russian thing of expressing between the lines," he says.

In a society where Orwell's Ministry of Truth holds the reigns of expression, pun and inference have become the *lingua franca*. Seva has been condemned in the Soviet press as a vile traitor. His broadcasts, and the music he plays, are branded a CIA plot in much the same way as CND is smeared as KGB subversion in the West.

Rock in Russia seems strangely potent. It is still part of an underground, and it still carries a message. The authorities realise this, and try to control it, offering a watered-down version to their disaffected youth.

"The records that are on sale are all old," says Seva, "Paul McCartney, Elton John, early Beatles, and a lot of Soviet stuff that is horribly produced; very bland and insincere. That's because the higher you go, the more conformist you have to be. The atistic committees become more and more involved. You have to submit your song lists for approval."

In 1974, Seva himself fell foul of this overt sort of bureaucratic censorship. He lost his job when a local party official attached to the Ministry of Culture heard him playing Creedence Clearwater Revival songs.

Creedence Clearwater Revival. It would be funny if it wasn't so bad.

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TOOTS - King Reggae

By — GREG TAYLOR

"I INVENTED reggae. Wrote a song called *Do The Reggay* in 196 . . I don't remember when it was, but I wrote it anyway. It's true. Reggae just mean comin' from the people. Everyday t'ing, like from the ghetto.

"So all of our music, our Jamaican rhythm, comin' from the majority. Everyt'ing that people use, like food, we just put music to it and make a dance out of it, y'know?

"When you say 'reggae' you mean *regular*, majority. And when you say 'reggae' it mean poverty, suffering, Rastafaria, everything, Ghetto. It's music from the rebels, people who don't have what they want." — Toots in 1975, quoted in Stephen Davis's Book *Reggae Bloodlines* (Anchor Books, 1977)

Frederick Toots Hibbert was born in May Pen, west of Kingston, in the late 40s. No bios or articles seem to get closer to pinpointing his age, which may or may not be a result of Toots being a little vague with dates. (When did you start making records? '64, I t'ink . . or '62 . . Perhaps this in turn is characteristic of a career which spans at least twenty years and many, many more records. *Do The Reggay* was released in 1968, and whether this really marks the invention of the form . . did Jelly Roll Morton invent jazz? did Chuck Berry invent rock'n'roll? . . the fact, the important, factual and *creative* fact is that Toots & The Maytals (long term associates Raleigh Gordon and Nathaniel 'Jerry' Matthias) are, both in Jamaica and abroad, the reigning kings of reggae.

Others could lay claim to earlier or greater worldwide fame. Jimmy Cliff, who had lived in England since '65, was after all the star of the breakthrough '71 reggae movie *The Harder They Come* (the Maytals had a cameo role, performing a couple of numbers). And Bob Marley came rocking out of Trenchtown to become a household word during the 70s, the first and sometimes the only example of reggae in many people's minds. But Cliff's career has been as erratic since *Harder They Come* as it was before, and his latest work has seen him moving further away from Jamaican roots than ever. (Did anyone catch that bizarre appearance with a South American pop star on Channel 0/28 a few months back?) And Marley is dead. . .

Then again, others more recent, more progressive or more heavily 'roots', may be seen by devotees as more deserving of the title. Maybe Big Youth, Burning Spear, Steel Pulse, Aswad, Third World, Max Romeo, Joe Higgs are where it's really at. But Toots' new single is No. 1 in Jamaica right now.

Toots Music I

There are two Toots songs which even the most casual reggae listener might immediately recall. *Pressure Drop*, which dates from the late 60s, is a stone-reggae classic. It was a Jamaican hit then. It was a raveup in *The Harder They Come* (when the young Ivan [Jimmy Cliff] first enters a recording studio and sees his heroes working out), it opens the 1980 *Live At Hammersmith* album, and it's probably impossible for Toots to ever drop it from the set.

The other, *Beautiful Woman*, is far more recent, and less obviously reggae (though when Toots calls it "country and western" he's playing just as loose with genre description just as he does with dates). This was the single off *Knockout*, the most recent album, and got a fair bit of airplay in Oz during '81 (In New Zealand it was No. 1 for six consecutive weeks, and No. 2 for another five weeks — but of course New Zealand is besotted with reggae. Black Slate could come out from England and clean up there two years ago while not even bothering to mount an Australian tour!)

Though separated by time and feel, summoning these two from the mental files should give you the basics of Maytal music. First, the voices. Raleigh and Jerry are always mixed right back, so that the overriding impression is the strong, sometimes edgy, sometimes husky, baritone of Toots. It's only when they drop out for the occasional half verse that you realise how intrinsic those soft harmonies are to the sound, like open strings ringing on an undamped piano or guitar. Though the arrangements are sometimes in the statement/response counterpoint of the great soul vocal groups, the main approach is 'sympathetic warbling'. Toots has a trademark yodel, but the other two can float above it in effortless falsetto; usually the harmony is close, though there's some crazy moments, as on *So Bad* (from *Reggae Got Soul*) where Jerry is off on some witch-doctor chant *below* Toots' whooping lead, while Raleigh is blissing out, echoing the last words of each line way up in soprano-land.

The other main characteristic is *buoyancy*. Reggae has always been dance music, even when it seems both performer and listener are too stoned to move a muscle. Toots & The Maytals have this special fervour, this bounce, and on the live recordings, Toots is exhorting the crowd like crazy to move and respond.

No Talk, Best Sing

"It's a music that comes from the church. It's a *roots* music that church people [illegible] during our phone [illegible], but it was quite clear that this [illegible] Christian. And in the [illegible] *Reggae Bloodlines* (quoted [illegible] to Stephen Davis in 1975:

"I was very small and I [illegible] would like to be a prophet when I was a boy. Sometime I would start to sing and the song would break my heart, y'know? It'd feel so *glorious*, y'know, so *good*.

"Musicians do the work of God. Really. Not when they sing about some girl in the bed, but when they sing about something that come from way down here, something that's real. Godliness, uprightness, loving kindness. Y'know? Then he become prophet of God."

As the megadollar minutes were ticking away, we weren't about to have a leisurely theological discussion; a terrible shame, since Toots is a Rasta man (like just about every other reggae performer, with Jimmy Cliff, a Moslem convert, being the notable exception), and Rastafari is a wild'n'woolly topic for conversation. (Caribbean slave descendants decide Ethiopian warlord Ras Tafari Makonnen — later, better known as Emperor Haile Selassie — is redeemer mentioned in *Revelation* 5:2,5, pray to him as living God. Despite vast evidence to contrary, prophesy the destruction of 'Babylon' — post-colonial

raise. . ."

In 1961 (or thereabouts!), Toots moved to Kingston and formed a vocal trio called the Vikings with Jerry and Raleigh. Their first single, *Halleluyah*, was virtually straight gospel, a prayer meeting reduced to two and a half minutes.

"Me and brother Raleigh, and me and brother Jerry, we sing just like a church, because we all come from the same churchical order.

"We love to do t'ings that God would please and people make happy; for my song is come from the church."

Somehow Jamaican reggae players talking religion is less disconcerting tha Donny Osmond or Bob Dylan; at their very worst they'll only be weird rather than utterly wet. Toots actually wasn't 54-64. *That's My Number* is no telephone invitation but an intense memento of a two-year jail term Toots served on a gunja dealing charge in the mid-60s. *Premature* is aimed at carny-baiters — *'Send the girl back home/Send the girl back home/She's underage'*. And *Living In The Ghetto* doesn't exactly say 'This is one swell place to be'.

Toots Music II

"I was born and raised in a little old shack/With my poor family." (Never Get Weary)

"My family lived in May Pen" (west of Kingston). "I *am* from a very poor family. My father had a lot of children to take care of; my father is a farmer. It was very tough — so I had to sing the song!"

The name 'Maytal' is said to be a combination of May Pen and 'I-tal', the latter being Rasta talk for "real, natural". Toots has also said that it was just a name that sounded good at the time. . .

Whatever, it was the name that the Vikings started to use soon after they started recording. They started with gospel, but like the rest of Jamaica were eagerly tuning into the American r'n'b and soul that on good nights you could pick up right across the sea from the stations pumping it out in Miami and New Orleans.

"We listened to Ray Charles, we used to listen to Little Richard, Mahalia Jackson. . . Sam Cooke, Jackie Wilson, ' and 'den we start to listen to Otis Redding. . .

"I *love* rock and roll, I love all kinda music! And that why we start, because Ray Charles is one of my main man that I use to listen to. He really turn me on."

The r'n'b was getting thrown in the blender with the traditional Jamaican drum patterns like the *burra* and *akete*, and the brand of low-life calyso called *mende*; and what came out ended up being called *ska*. Toots & the Maytals were having hits in the ska era like *Domino*, *Pain In My Belly*, *Little Flea* and *Dog War*; then they had plen . . more when the fashion in tempo got a little more relaxed and the music came to be called *rock-steady*. Then Toots wrote *Do The Reggay*. . .

As the film *The Harder They Come* shows so fiercely, having hit records in Jamaica — especially in the 60s — was no guarantee of financial *anything*. But Toots & the Maytals had a sufficient string of successes to stay afloat, win three Jamaica Festival Song Competitions and eventually become one of the first signings to the London-based Island label, founded by young-white-Jamaican-with-a-healthy-inheritance Chris Blackwell.

It was with their first Island release, *Funky Kingston*, in 1974 that the group started happening outside Jamaica. '75 saw the *In The Dark* album, and soon after they toured extensively in America and Europe.

Non-Jamaican musos had been sniffing around reggae for years (Paul Simon had been recording in Kingston as early as 1971), and after Eric Clapton had knocked out Marley's *I Shot The Sheriff*, everybody wanted to know. While in England, Toots & Co. got together with an intriguing collection of international 'sessioneers' to augment their regular band, the Dynamites; thus the cover of *Reggae Got Soul* bears names like 'Stevie Winwood', 'Rico Rodriques' (later the superb trombonist with the Specials among others), and 'Eddie Quansah', the African trumpeter who would later move to Sydney and form King Cobra.

Reggae Got Soul was something of a high water mark in the group's recording history, and it sums up the second layer of Toots' music characteristics.

One: the 'back-to-front' rhythm accent is never as heavily accented by, say, the Wailers and many other reggae bands — in fact, the Maytals' rhythm section tempers the 'typical' reggae feel with all sorts of r'n'b, funk, and even a sort of ersatz swing.

Two: in keeping with those r'n'b associations, the Maytals have used brass on recordings more than most reggae outfits. Sometimes they sound just as dreary as those sections that were tacked onto too many recordings of Toots' mentors Sam Cooke and Otis Redding, but on *Reggae Got Soul*, either the star quality of the players or the general enthusiasm for the project results in some intriguing stuff.

By now Toots & the Maytals were on tour constantly both in and out of Jamaica, and a long way from subsistence farming in May Pen. But there was no new album until '79, and *Pass The Pipe* — as relaxed as its title might suggest — although pleasant, contains few departures. But 1980 saw a lot more activity, first with a harder edge and leaner arrangements on *Just Like That*, followed quickly by the triumphant *Toots Live* album.

'Quickly' is the word: Island claim the record was in the shops 24 hours after the gig at London's Hammersmith Palais, which if even vaguely true is a tribute to the innate sound balance of the nine-piece ensemble — no lengthy re-mixes here! If you want an idea of what a Maytals concert might be like, look no further.

And finally in mid '81 came the *Knockout* LP, on which Toots for the first time takes all the production and arrangement credits. Coincidentally or not, it's by far his best recorded album; the mood is reflective rather than raving, but with *Beautiful Woman* it gave him his biggest worldwide success.

MAYTALS 1965

I'm sorry we're not the next album. Because of this tour . . I want to come and know Australia. I want to come and know New Zealand. I want to see the people over here, wanna tell all I have dem. I wanna meet wit dem. I wanna sing for dem. I wanna talk wit dem. I wanna *do* t'ings wit dem . . y'know?

So I decide to leave this recording and I finish dat I can den when I go home to Jamaica, I gonna work on my new album; just for the 'nfluence from Australia, give a nice kick in my stomach."

I asked Toots if he'd ever come across any Australian music. "No . . Australian music . . what is dat?"

But we may have been misunderstanding each other over that long telephone line (and Jamaican accents and Australian accents produce virtually two different languages. *The Harder They Come* WAS the first English language film to be released in New York with sub-titles . .). He certainly seemed aware what was happening in reggae outside his turf, speaking when quizzed of Steel Pulse, the Police and UB40. So maybe our distance apart explains the final confusion we had about dates.

The tour press release made no mention of Jerry Matthias . . are the Maytals no longer a trio? I was quite surprised.

"He not singing wit me since . . some time."

It was all too confusing to find out why the three albums released since then, including the *Hammersmith Live* number which is definitely tied to a date (September 29, 1981) all have Jerry's name and picture on them; in any case, Jerry Matthias lives in New York these days and can't get down to Jamaica to rehearse.

"We went to a tour and he found. . . I don't want to say a millionaire. . . but somebody, she's a nice girl, y'know? And he get married and decided to live in America."

Could he be worried the same thing might happen on the Australian tour?

". . . I have two female singers, see? and they sing with me a long time now — you're gonna love those two! But all that I'm telling you is please don't take dem away from me, 'cos I wanna go back to Jamaica wit my girls, y'know?"

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THROWING THE HAT BACK IN THE RING

"Some mornings I'm a success..." GLENN SHORROCK faces reality with ANDREW McMILLAN (a terrifying prospect!)

GLENN SHORROCK has done a lot of rock and roll. Fifteen years of peaks and troughs — high points like the success of Axiom and The Twilights, then lows in the early 70s when he was paying the rent lugging gear. Then, from 1975, the slow burn to the top of the Australian and American charts as frontman for a band that put Oz on the map for a significant part of the world's population.

With the reputation, plus the all-important access to American radio programming, fame and fortune looked secure.

But last year Glenn Shorrock chucked it in and embarked on a solo career. He released an album (*Villain Of The Peace*) in December, toured fitfully, and also devoted time and energy to trying to break into other forms of media, most notably television.

Though he would like to set up a jeans and T-shirts variety show, his recent appearances as host of *Rock Around The World* may seem a little incongruous (especially given his admission that he knows little of the current English music scene — a confession borne out by his recent introduction of Bauhaus as a German group).

But despite the blandness of his former colleagues and the I'm-so-laid-back-I-can-see-the-ceiling-from-here approach of his music, Shorrock still seems to retain an element of — oh albatross of cliches! — *credibility*. (Surprisingly, it's an element that even penetrates sections of the speed-rap Darlo set!)

Enough of the writer's ego. Let him speak for himself.

PROMOTION

This is the first time in ages that you've put yourself at the mercy of the media...

"Yeah, although I did most of the promotion for LRB, we didn't have to do as much in the latter years. It was just a matter of talking to somebody once a year, basically. Now I've got a new thing and a new record to promote, so I'm back where I was in 1975/76."

This is the first time in four or five years that you've deigned to speak to RAM...

"We always felt there was a wide gulf between RAM magazine's position and LRB's position, yeah. I think I can relate to RAM magazine as much as anyone else, y'know, I'm not into bullshit. I'm nervous about baring all because it's sometimes a little hard to wear on a personal basis, but as far as professional standing goes, it doesn't worry me at all. I may not agree with your tastes in music, but I don't anticipate that you should agree with all of mine. That's the beauty of music. It's a wide spectrum that you can move freely in.

"My tastes are fairly traditional, fairly conventional — melodic, lyrical songs. My tastes run to Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Steely Dan, Jackson Browne, rather than Simple Minds and acts of that calibre. See, I can't think of a lot of the names..."

For years before you left LRB there was obviously a lot of tension among members of the band...

"Oh yeah, there's always a certain amount of tenseness there, but I think that was electricity that kept us going and helped the success of the band really.

"The driving influences were the writers, basically, as far as the music went; and there were three writers mainly — Birtles, Gobles and myself. And I was on one side, Beeb (Birtles) sort of fluctuated between the two, and Graham (Gobles) was on the other side, and that was the chemistry, really, that made it successful.

"Once it became successful, the chemical formula didn't have that much attraction anymore."

When compared with the other members of LRB, you were always seen as the lone rock'n'roller, the guy who'd drop the LRB facade and jump on stage with Chisel or whoever...

"Yeah, that's always been my image. If there was ever any talk about my position in the band it was always that way. I think I was probably the communicator, I hoped I provided a few human qualities to the LRB machine.

"And I think that's probably one of the reasons why I wanted to step aside and make a change, 'cos I still wanted to remain human. That's probably too strong a way to put it, but my commitment to the LRB entity as such diminished in the last year or so, and I just felt it was time to make a change, to spend some time in the danger zone for a while."

When did you make the decision to quit?

"Well, on the day. But the thought was in my mind, yeah, for a good number of years; not years, months. But the decision was made at a meeting, really.

"It was a mutual decision between the major influences of the band — Beeb Birtles, Graham Gobles, myself, (Derek) Pellici and (manager Glen) Wheatley who have been the core of the band for a long time — and I could see from the faces in the room and the attitudes in the room that it wasn't worth continuing on.

"And I felt like a change anyway, so well and good, the decision was made there and then. So I went out and had a few drinks with Brian Cadd and next morning I woke up reborn. I'm a born-again solo performer." (*Laughs*)

John Farnham was recruited into the ranks rather swiftly...

"He was an obvious choice. It was the first name that sprung into my mind when the decision was made that I should go. He's close to the organisation, he's been a friend for a while, and he's a bloody good singer. However you find his voice, he's one of the best singers we've got on a technical level. His instrument is bloody good. His style you may have some queries about, but his instrument is bloody fantastic.

"We were committed to recording the very next day, so they had to get someone in very quickly. John only had a couple of hours to make up his mind. And it's workin' out well for them. They're as happy as Larry."

(Pic: Simon Fowler/LFI)

THE VILLAIN OF THE PEACE

"The album's title is just a tongue-in-cheek reference to the whole situation. I just liked the idea of wearin' the cloak for a while, rather than being the affable frontman for LRB."

Last year, Shorrock spent two months recording the album in a series of studios in Los Angeles. Of the ten tracks, only *Rock'n'Roll Soldier* was written during his period with LRB.

"That surfaced a couple of times, but I didn't really feel confident in the song at that stage, I hadn't really refined it. I felt embarrassed about it actually, because it was specifically related to me, and I find that rock'n'roll soldier cliche a bit too much to wear. That's why I altered the inference to the road crew situation, which is basically what the song is about — the GIs, the guys that I'd know and hang out with on the road. They're much more fun than the band."

The session musicians Shorrock called in for the recording reads like a who's who of the Californian rock'n'roll mafia: David Lindley, Tom Scott, Bill Payne, Randy Meisner, Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter, Waddy Wachtel, Andrew Gold, etc. etc. etc.

"The California rock'n'roll mafia... well, that's just an ambition of mine. It's a style of music and playing that I like and I've listened to those guys for a long time. I just wanted to see what it was like to record with them, and I had a great time — it was terrific. I was conscious of it being still *my* music, and I still think it is largely what I'm about."

Had you had any previous contact with many of them?

"Some of them. Like, Skunk Baxter I knew from the Doobs, Bill Payne from Little Feat, Timothy Schmidt from The Eagles — we worked with them; not a close relationship, just an awareness of each other's music and then personalities, so they were quite compatible people.

"Some guys treated it as another session, and others had some affinity with my music — liked it or whatever. So they'd become involved, suggest things and help in that way, rather than just being virtuoso players, contributing on a personal and creative level as well. I would say that about everybody, but a couple of the guys... Andrew Gold especially.

"The basic band was Michael Botts on drums and Bob Glaub on bass. Bill Payne, keyboards, and Andrew Gold, guitar. The five of us put down fifteen tracks and from then on we went into other studios and added the icing onto the cake.

"The real performing for me is the laying down of the basic tracks. And a couple of them were first and second takes, which is the way I'd like to record in future, rather than construct albums, make music, y'know?

"I've gone a little way in that direction with this album but having been involved for twenty years with commercial pop bands, that's hard to shake off; the commercial brain's still very much predominant. The artistic inner musical whatever crap from Glenn Shorrock has still got time to develop. It's hard to shake off the lead-singer-in-a-group situation. I didn't anticipate stepping out and being Bob Dylan all of a sudden, and that ain't gonna happen 'cos I'm too far down the line for radical changes to occur now."

BACK DOWN THE ROAD?

Do you envisage putting a permanent touring band together or simply selecting whoever's available at the time?

"I think it's just logistically sensible to do it that way. I'm not financial enough to have a permanent band on standby to perform at my every whim. So when and where it's necessary, I'll put a band together.

"I can move in all sorts of directions now. That's one of the nice things about being solo, you can get a bit of freedom as far as artistic endeavour is concerned. I'd like to be able to think about putting The Twilights back together for instance, and do a one-off tour.

"Economically, touring is risky, terribly risky. And I think I can get my rocks off and give my audiences more with sort of commando raids every now and again, hit and run missions. I'd like to do it that way.

"I tried the tour thing late last year because I felt itchy, but I didn't really enjoy it, so I stopped it. I wasn't really satisfied artistically or financially. I had too many things on my mind and it brought back to me one of the things that I miss, which is the organisation of the LRB thing where I could just go out there and sing and be the performer without having to worry about anything else, like whether the guitarist was going to come in in the right place and so on

"LRB was comfortable. It was like an old pair of jeans you could put on. So I'll wait until I feel a bit more confident about the public acceptance level, for the album especially, because I want to be able to go out and play those songs and have them accepted as well as *Help Is On Its Way* or *Cool Change*."

How do you rate those chances of success in Australia?

"I *have* had some success..." (Pic: Bob King)

"I've *had* success in Australia, y'know? I'd have to look at that in comparison — is it going to be like the heady days of '77/78 where the sun shone out of LRB's arse?

"That was the optimum time for LRB. Whether or not I get to that stage again, I dunno.

"If I can still contribute to the industry as a performer and a worker, that's all I need. I'm not lookin' at bein' Number One, never have. Success is relative, y'know. Some mornings I wake up and I feel successful. Other mornings I wake up and I feel not successful enough. As long as I stay happy, that's the main thing."

HOME RECORDING ON THE CHEAP

MAYBE YOU have been working on a few ditties and you feel the time is right to go out and get them recorded, so you will have some idea what they really sound like. Perhaps you are a versatile musician working with a number of instruments but have nothing more than a cassette recorder. At various times you have dreamed of owning your own home recording studio, only to be discouraged by the vast range of equipment, lack of space, and, most importantly, lack of bucks.

But wait a minute; do you really need all those tracks to play with? Do you really require studio quality clarity and production to get your music across? Is it imperative that your studio includes a prodigious wall of sound effect units?

If you are not too fussy about tape noise, an almost unlimited number of sounds can be layered on top of each other by using "track bouncing" techniques, and with a bit of care and experience some very impressive walls of sound with complex stereo-imaging can be built up, using only a four-track tape recorder. Furthermore, many of the sophisticated studio effects such as echo, reverberation, and even phasing can be improvised at little or no extra cost.

The basic items you will need will be a four-track multitrack tape machine; at least one — preferably two — microphones, some cables and connectors; a home hi-fi setup for monitoring, and a good pair of critical ears. With patience and persistence you may not have to beg, borrow or earn more than a thousand dollars all told, since second-hand TEAC machines (for instance) can be picked up for around $600.

However if you insist upon buying new equipment, you may need half as much again. Do not hesitate to bargain for new purchases since many retailers are open to "cash-in-hand" deals if pressed. So just what equipment is available in this price range, and what are the limitations/advantages of each?

In the not so distant past, multitrack tape machines were large, clumsy looking studio-bound objects. But technological refinements in the last ten years have made them smaller, simpler to use and much more efficient devices. As multitrack techniques have become more affordable to the working musician and are used as a valuable tool in composing, developing and realising today's music, the multitrack recorder has become as important and natural today as pen and manuscript were to Bach.

One option is to purchase one of the **cassette four-track** machines, either **FOSTEX** or **TEAC,** which will cost over $1,000, although second-hand TEAC 144 Portastudios are presently selling for as low as $500.

However, the secondhand buyer should note the 144's limitations. TEAC was the first company to introduce the cassette multitrack format to the consumer two years ago with their **144 Portastudio,** which they described as a "fully integrated recording system — incorporating four-channel mixer and four-channel cassette recorder". The tape speed runs at 9.52cm/sec — twice the normal cassette speed — which gives a marked improvement in clarity and noise levels, although still not equal to the open reel format. With the Portastudio, complete songs can be built up in the comfort of your living room, since different parts (recorded independently) can be mixed and transferred onto other tracks. Each time a track is "bounced" to another, the signal can be mixed with new material via the microphone, modified with the tone controls in the EQUALISER section, and "panned" (increased/decreased in left or right channels) to place the recorded tape track in the stereo picture.

In theory, this procedure could be carried out an unlimited number of times. However the noise level and distortion would become quite noticeable after only a few such generations, since there is no provision for noise reduction on the 144.

Another limitation of this early model is that you can only record on a maximum of two of the four tracks at any one time. This means that the machine has restricted use if applied in a live gig situation, unless an additional mixer with more input channels is used for "submixing" the drums, other instruments and vocals onto two of the tracks, thus leaving the other two spare for overdubbing ideas after the gig.

FOSTEX MAKE a cassette four-track, comparable with the Portastudio, called the **250 Multi-Tracker,** which incorporates all the same features plus a few extra. This machine uses Dolby C noise reduction (which is claimed to be superior to the regular Dolby B system). The mixing section is similar in design to the Portastudio, however the functions are generally more straightforward and easier to use. There is an AUXILIARY control for sending signals out to other sound processing units such as equalisers, echo/delay or whatever. And there is also a separate MONITOR MIX which controls the levels of a mono mix. It can be used to drive a foldback amp for stage work, or to control the level sent to the headphones for the solo recordist.

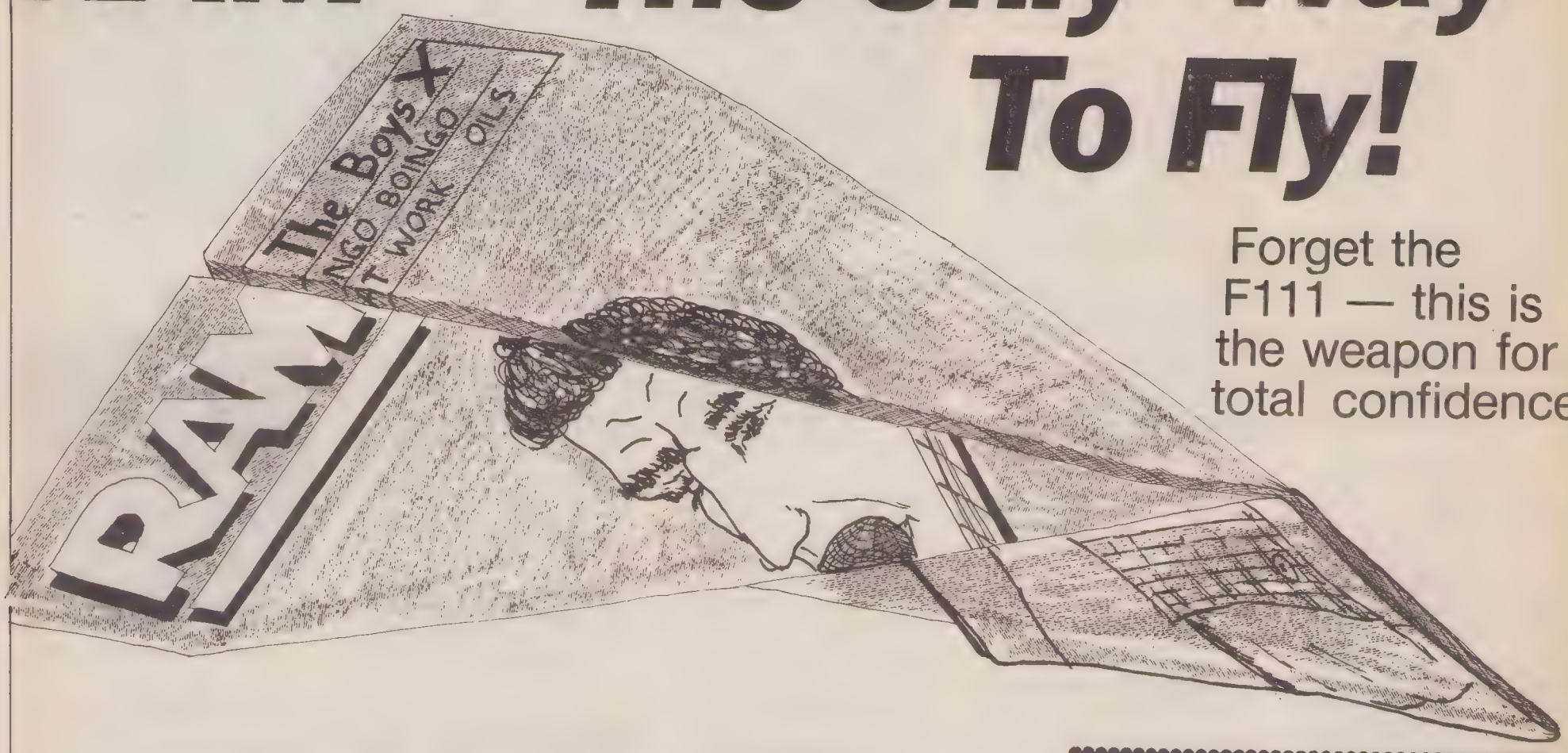
A sensible optional extra is a FOOTSWITCH to allow "drop-ins" from a distance, thus "freeing your mind and hands for music" as Fostex claim in their publicity leaflet. This allows you to play over previously recorded material while listening through the headphones, and at the appropriate moment you can tape over the fluffed lines without having to re-record the whole track. With the TEAC, drop-ins could only be done from the machine.

Another convenience of the Multi-Tracker is that all four tracks can be recorded on simultaneously, making it more suitable for live recording. With the addition of extra mixers for submixing, vocals could be mixed on one track, drums on another, guitars on yet another, which still leaves one spare track for synth (say) or overdubs.

And when it comes to mixing down these four tracks onto another cassette (which incidentally will be your master tape, which you will be very proud of and which you will try flogging off to club owners, record execs, and from which you will earn lots of money. . .etc. etc.), no repatching of cables and connectors will be necessary other than the input to the master cassette. You will still have total control over the individual tracks being mixed down.

Overall, the most attractive features of the Fostex Multi-Tracker are its extended versatility and ease of operation in getting those musical ideas out of the head and onto tape.

RAM — The Only Way To Fly!



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THE UPDATED **TASCAM 244 Portastudio** is a truly complete home recording system, with features and functions to rival professional recording studios, as claimed in their advertising brochure. All of the Fostex features are there (such as simultaneous four-track recording, optional footswitch for drop-ins, overload LED lamps, and noise reduction) as well as a PARAMETRIC equaliser section. What this means is that when adjusting the tone controls in the mixing section, you not only have control over the degree of boost/cut, but also over the frequency at which you intend to modify. In this way it is possible to tune in exactly on the frequency range of an instrument so that you can accentuate the mellow overtones and/or attenuate the less pleasant ones. This unique feature can also be used to cut down on noise — by eliminating extraneous sounds such as squeaky kick-drum pedals — or for some very bizarre special effects.

The noise reduction system used in the 244 is the DBX COMPANDER system which does reduce tape noise to a remarkable degree, despite widespread criticism that the system introduces unpleasant side effects such as "breathing, noise modulation, and overshoot distortion". These effects would however probably pass unnoticed to all but the trained ear, and in any case, many professional recording studios use the DBX system without too much trouble. Though the simplicity and ease of layout and function inherent in the Fostex would probably better suit the studio novice, the TASCAM model will undoubtedly appeal more to the serious enthusiast who has at least a passing acquaintance with the flexibility of a larger studio. Although the design and function of the Portastudio 244 are not as immediately apparent as in the Fostex system, with a bit of time and experience the possibilities of large studio flexibility are realised. For example, the AUXILIARY gain controls may be used in two modes: pre-fader (which would be useful for setting up an independent mix for headphone monitoring), or post-fader (in which case the mix set up would be dependent upon the channel equaliser settings and faders, making it more effective as an echo/effects send).

Furthermore, these auxiliary mixes can be either sent as a single-panned-stereo or dual-mono mix. Similarly, the TAPE CUE gain controls can be panned to create either a single stereo or two mono mixes of any of the four pre-recorded tracks, which could be used in the overdub situation in conjunction with the auxiliary mix and sent to the headphones, so that the musicians can hear not only the new material, but also the music already on tape.

Conversely, when conducting mixdowns, these controls could be used for an additional, independent effects send instead. The possibilities and uses of this machine are limited only by the operator's creativity and imagination: the permutations of track-layering, bouncing, signal processing, drop-ins, external input connection and mixdown are endless!

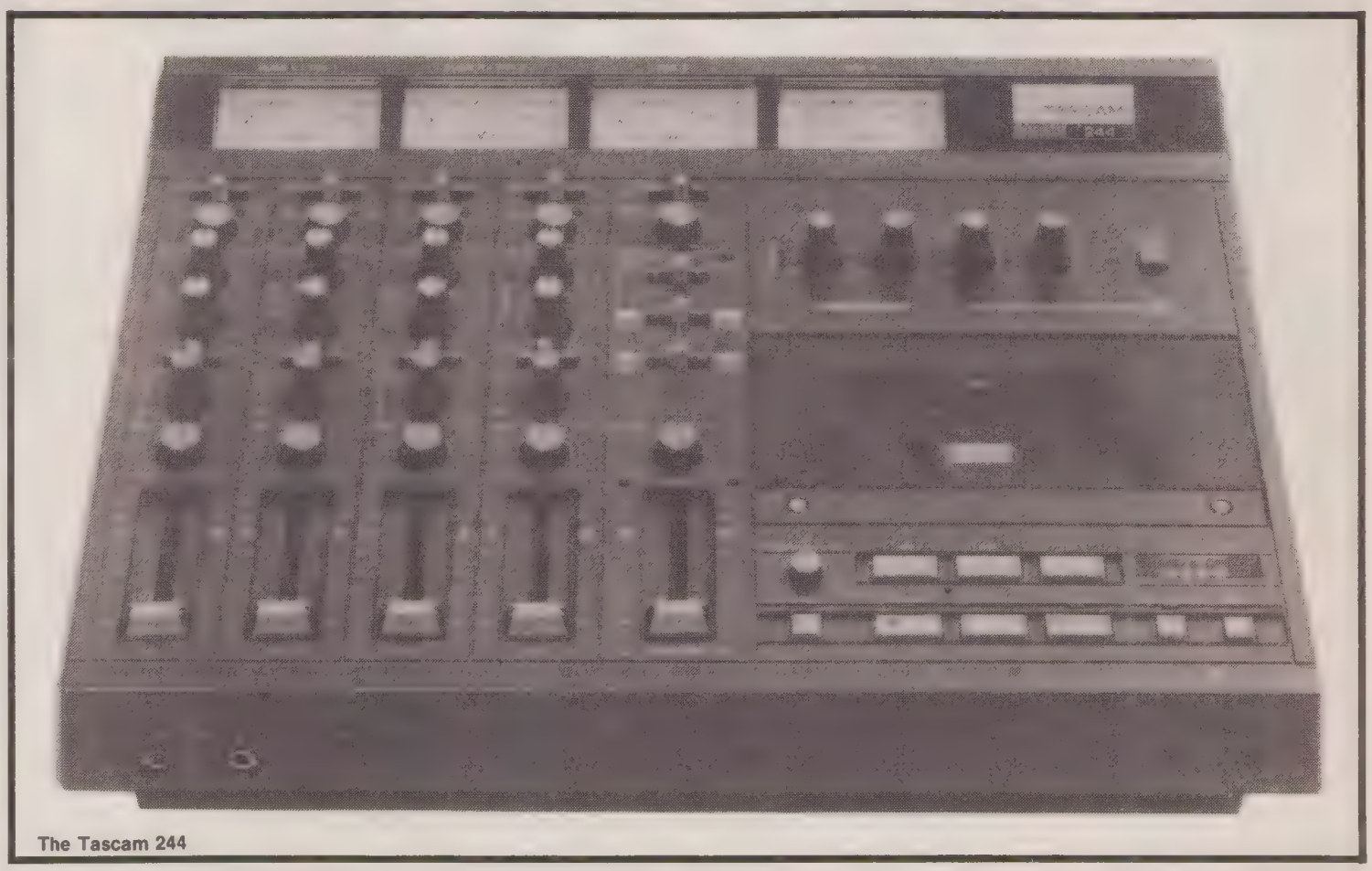
While a wealth of experience can be gained by the novice sound producer in using one of these mixer/recorder hybrids, the quality of the finished product is severely restricted by the physical limitations of this format in trying to squeeze four tracks onto cassette tape. If you are seriously considering building up your own sound studio over the next few years, you might consider getting hold of an **open-reel** multitrack recorder. At present, both TEAC and Fostex make open-reel four-track machines costing little more than their cassette counterparts, performing with lower distortion, wider frequency response, better signal-to-noise and increased headroom — which means that the sounds on tape will be cleaner, sharper and quieter.

The main disadvantage of these recorders is that the mixer is not built in, which will entail further expense for serious work, although simple-cheap "resistive mixers" can be put together quite easily, even by someone with no idea of electronics. Use your initiative: have a word or two with your local electrician, or one of the many electronic retailers. Improvising and building the components you need at this stage will give you a much clearer idea of the functions and possibilities of the more sophisticated equipment you may need to buy later. Also take a peek inside the various electronics/sound magazines from time to time for helpful hints and simple build-your-own projects.

Finally, a word or two on sound effects. There are lots of way of altering the sounds of instruments and voices *before* they even reach the microphone. Try playing your guitars, say, in peculiar ways; rearrange furniture around your instruments to drastically alter the "ambience characteristics" of the sound that is picked up; tie things to strings or dampen them with different materials; scrape, stroke and detune drastically. . . Just let your ears be the final judge.

Never be afraid to experiment with unusual ideas which might make your music more colourful. There are no rules when it comes to creativity — anything goes, so long as it sounds good! Don't despair if you can't afford all those nice reverb/echo delay/computerised magic genies that reside in record company effects-racks. For **reverb,** try running a speaker to the bathroom as well as a microphone to pick up the room-modified sound; then try filling the bathtub to see how this affects the sound! **Echo** can be achieved quite easily by monitoring the playback head of your multitrack and returning the signal onto another track. **Infinite echo** is possible if you monitor this second track and return the signal to the line inputs of the initial track.

You can even improvise a **phasing** effect by moving a reflective surface backwards and forwards in front of the microphone you are using to record. Try anything that comes to mind that might add an extra dimension to your work; a good idea is to write out a list of useful sound treatments for future reference.



The Tascam 244

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CHARTZ

OZ 45s

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	1	1	8	**DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?**	Culture Club
2	2	1	11	**PASS THE DUTCHIE**	Musical Youth
3	4	3	7	**HEARTBREAKER**	Dionne Warwick
4	8	4	6	**I EAT CANNIBALS**	Toto Coelo
5	3	3	15	**SOLID ROCK**	Goanna
6	6	6	8	**THE CLAPPING SONG**	Belle Stars
7	13	7	6	•**MIRROR MAN**	Human League
8	9	3	16	**ROCK THE CASBAH**	Clash
9	18	9	3	•**GLORIA**	Laura Branigan
10	5	4	10	**MANEATER**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
11	15	11	3	**TRULY**	Lionel Ritchie
12	7	5	8	**DR HECKYLL AND MR JIVE**	Men at Work
13	12	12	13	**I'M SO EXCITED**	Pointer Sisters
14	10	9	10	**IT'S RAINING AGAIN**	Supertramp
15	11	11	11	**BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG**	Pretenders
16	14			**COME ON EILEEN**	Dexy's Midnight Runners & the Emerald Express
17	17	8	10	**HEY LITTLE GIRL**	Icehouse
18	23	18	7	•**WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN**	Fureys
19	16	8	12	**THIS GUY'S IN LOVE (With You)**	Reels
20	20	14	8	**DON'T CHANGE**	INXS
21	24	21	8	**US FORGES**	Midnight Oil
22	21	21	6	**LOVE MY WAY**	Psychedelic Furs
23	26	23	7	**ALL OF MY HEART**	ABC
24	—	24	1	•**UP WHERE WE BELONG**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes
25	19	5	10	**THE GIRL IS MINE**	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney
26	35	26	3	•**STEPPIN' OUT**	Joe Jackson
27	33	27	5	•**MY FRIEND**	Simon Gallaher & Jackie Love
28	36	28	2	•**HOOKED ON HOOKS**	Skyhooks
29	—	29	1	•**SCIENCE FICTION**	Divinyls
30	—	30	1	•**SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT**	Pat Benatar
31	27	9	14	**IT STARTED WITH A KISS**	Hot Chocolate
32	28	27	6	**WE CAN'T BE BEATEN**	Rose Tattoo
33	29	23	7	**HEARTLIGHT**	Neil Diamond
34	—	34	1	•**YOUNG GUNS (Go For It)**	Wham
35	—	35	1	•**DOWN THE LINE (Making Love on the Telephone)**	Mi-Sex
36	31	31	6	**THE RIVER**	King Trigger
37	22	6	14	**JACK AND DIANE**	John Cougar
38	32	17	13	**HOT IN THE CITY**	Billy Idol
39	39	39	2	**AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU**	Chas & Dave
40	—	40	1	**PEEK-A-BOO**	Devo

Paul Simenon of the Clash (Pic: Santo Basone/LFI)

NEW RELEASES

SINGLES:

ZIGGY STARDUST	Bauhaus
LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange
SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO	Clash
YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins
LOVE IS A STRANGER	Eurythmics
WISHING (If I Had a Photograph of You)	A Flock of Seagulls
OUR HOUSE	Madness
MY MAN	Yoko Ono
HYMN	Ultravox
THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE	Yazoo

ALBUMS:

THE SKY'S GONE OUT	Bauhaus
SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE	Beat
CHEWING THE FAT	Blue Rondo a la Turk
MUSIC FOR A NEW SOCIETY	John Cale
PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS	Dead Kennedys
MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye
DIG THE NEW BREED	Jam
THE DISTANCE	Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
SINGLES — 45's & UNDER	UK Squeeze
TRANS	Neil Young

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Compiled by SCANES MUSIC RESEARCH, PO BOX 432, AVALON BEACH, 2107 NSW.

OZ LPs

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	2	1	8	**THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION**	John Lennon
2	1	1	8	**SPIRIT OF PLACE**	Goanna
3	4	3	8	**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,**	Midnight Oil
4	3	1	17	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	Dire Straits
5	5	2	11	**FAMOUS LAST WORDS**	Supertramp
6	10	6	6	**KISSING TO BE CLEVER**	Culture Club
7	8	7	3	**THE VERY BEST OF THE CARPENTERS**	Carpenters
8	6	6	11	**GREATEST HITS Vol 3;**	Olivia Newton-John
9	7	1	19	**PRIMITIVE MAN**	Icehouse
10	9	4	13	**HOTTEST HITS**	Hot Chocolate
11	14	11	8	**ENZ OF AN ERA**	Split Enz
12	13	4	14	**SHABOOH SHOOBAH**	INXS
13	12	3	12	**H2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
14	17	14	7	**GREATEST HITS Vol 2**	Eagles
15	11	4	14	**THE NYLON CURTAIN**	Billy Joel
16	24	16	2	•**LOVE SONGS**	Elton John
17	16	16	7	**HEARTBREAKER**	Dionne Warwick
18	15	8	11	**HEARTLIGHT**	Neil Diamond
19	21	19	8	**WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN**	Fureys
20	—	20	1	•**DESPERATE**	Divinyls
21	18	1	31	**AVALON**	Roxy Music
22	20	10	8	**CODA**	Led Zeppelin
23	22	5	21	**THE LEXICON OF LOVE**	ABC
24	33	24	6	**LIVING MY LIFE**	Grace Jones
25	—	25	1	•**RECORDS**	Foreigner
26	—	26	1	•**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie
27	25	25	2	**GREATEST HITS**	Pointer Sisters
28	19	14	12	**SCARRED FOR LIFE**	Rose Tattoo
29	28	28	6	**WHAT A RUDE ALBUM**	Doug Mulray & Ken Sterling
30	34	3	22	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Joe Jackson
31	26	16	10	**GET NERVOUS**	Pat Benatar
32	32	28	11	**COMBAT ROCK**	Clash
33	27	17	8	**THE NIGHTFLY**	Donald Fagen
34	37	2	16	**TOO-RYE-AY**	Dexy's Midnight Runners
35	38	35	2	**GREATEST HITS**	Glen Campbell
36	29	29	6	**BEAUTIFUL**	Reels
37	36	36	3	**ABSOLUTELY LIVE**	Rod Stewart
38	23	22	7	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
39	—	2	25	**MIRAGE**	Fleetwood Mac
40	—	26	8	**"THE KIDS FROM FAME"**	Soundtrack

UK 45S

1	1	**YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE** Phil Collins
2	12	•**DOWN UNDER** Men At Work
3	14	•**THE STORY OF THE BLUES** Wah!
4	3	**BUFFALO GALS** Malcolm McLaren
5	2	**A WINTER'S TALE** David Essex
6	8	**ORVILLE'S SONG** Keith Harris and Orville
7	17	•**THE EUROPEAN FEMALE** The Stranglers
8	24	•**STEPPIN' OUT** Joe Jackson
9	16	•**HEARTACHE AVENUE** Maisonettes
10	—	•**ELECTRIC AVENUE** Eddy Grant
11	10	**CACHARPAYA** Incantation
12	5	**TIME** Culture Club
13	7	**BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES** Modern Romance
14	6	**SAVE YOUR LOVE** Renee and Renato
15	4	**OUR HOUSE** Madness
16	11	**HYMN** Ultravox
17	13	**IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT** Bucks Fizz
18	9	**ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD** Dionne Warwick
19	18	**I FEEL LOVE** Donna Summer
20	20	**THEME FROM "ET"** John Williams
21	—	•**NEW YEAR'S DAY** U2
22	—	•**TWISTING BY THE POOL** Dire Straits
23	30	•**HOLD ME TIGHTER IN THE RAIN** Billy Griffin
24	—	•**UP WHERE WE BELONG** Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes
25	15	**YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)** Wham!
26	21	**FRIENDS** Shalamar
27	—	**LAGARTIJA NICK** Bauhaus
28	—	**GLORIA** Laura Branigan
29	—	**THE CUTTER** Echo and the Bunnymen
30	29	**MY LOVE IS WAITING** Marvin Gaye

UK LPS

1	1	**THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION** John Lennon
2	2	**HEARTBREAKER** Dionne Warwick
3	14	•**RAIDERS OF THE POP CHART** Various Artists
4	6	**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** Phil Collins
5	7	**FRIENDS** Shalamar
6	4	**RIO** Duran Duran
7	3	**DIG THE NEW BREED** The Jam
8	9	**KISSING TO BE CLEVER** Culture Club
9	29	•**BUSINESS AS USUAL** Men At Work
10	5	**THE SINGLES, THE FIRST TEN YEARS** Abba
11	8	**PEARLS 2** Elkie Brooks
12	10	**LOVE SONGS** Diana Ross
13	11	**FROM THE MAKERS OF** Status Quo
14	—	•**THE ART OF FALLING APART** Soft Cell
15	22	•**QUARTET** Ultravox
16	16	**MIDNIGHT LOVE** Marvin Gaye
17	18	**CACHARPAYA** Incantation
18	12	**LIONEL RICHIE** Lionel Richie
19	—	•**FELINE** Stranglers
20	13	**THE RISE AND FALL** Madness
21	19	**THE KIDS FROM FAME** Various Artists
22	—	•**LIVE EVIL** Black Sabbath
23	17	•**THRILLER** Michael Jackson
24	21	**LOVE OVER GOLD** Dire Straits
25	20	**RICHARD CLAYDERMAN** Richard Clayderman
26	—	•**RARITIES** David Bowie
27	15	**SINGLES — 45s AND UNDER** Squeeze
28	-	**GREATEST HITS** Olivia Newton-John
29	—	**COMPLETE MADNESS** Madness
30	—	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS** Various Artists

US 45S

1	2	**DOWN UNDER** Men at Work
2	1	**MANEATER** Daryl Hall and John Oates
3	3	**THE GIRL IS MINE** Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney
4	4	**MICKEY** Toni Basil
5	6	**SEXUAL HEALING** Marvin Gaye
6	5	**DIRTY LAUNDRY** Don Henley
7	10	**AFRICA** Toto
8	11	**BABY, COME TO ME** Patti Austin
9	8	**TRULY** Lionel Richie
10	7	**IT'S RAINING AGAIN** Supertramp
11	14	**YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE** Phil Collins
12	15	**THE OTHER GUY** Little River Band
13	12	**ROCK THIS TOWN** Stray Cats
14	18	**ROCK THE CASBAH** The Clash
15	—	•**SHAME ON THE MOON** Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band
16	17	**YOU GOT LUCKY** Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
17	19	**GOODY TWO SHOES** Adam Ant
18	20	**HEART TO HEART** Kenny Loggins
19	—	•**DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?** Culture Club
20	13	**STEPPIN' OUT** Joe Jackson

US LPS

1	1	**BUSINESS AS USUAL** Men At Work
2	2	**BUILT FOR SPEED** Stray Cats
3	3	**GET NERVOUS** Pat Benatar
4	4	**H2O** Daryl Hall and John Oates
5	9	**THE DISTANCE** Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band
6	6	**CODA** Led Zeppelin
7	8	**THRILLER** Michael Jackson
8	5	**LIONEL RICHIE** Lionel Richie
9	7	**MIDNIGHT LOVE** Marvin Gaye
10	10	**LONG AFTER DARK** Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
11	12	**THE NYLON CURTAIN** Billy Joel
12	13	**COMBAT ROCK** The Clash
13	11	**NIGHT AND DAY** Joe Jackson
14	16	**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** Phil Collins
15	15	**FAMOUS LAST WORDS** Supertramp
16	14	**GREATEST HITS** Dan Fogelberg
17	19	**SPRING SESSION M** Missing Persons
18	20	**SPEAK OF THE DEVIL** Ozzy Osbourne
19	18	**AMERICAN FOOL** John Cougar
20	—	**RECORDS** Foreigner

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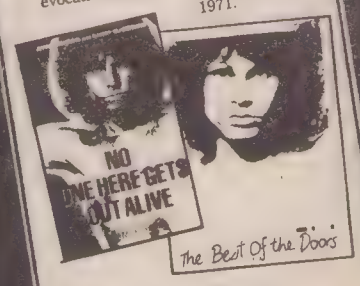

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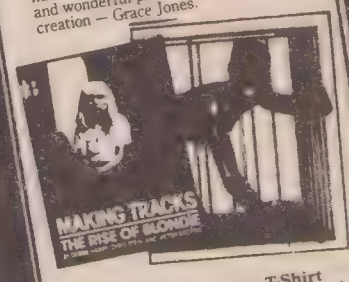

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THE JAM
Dig The New Breed
(Polydor)

Faced with this, the final Jam LP, the temptation to wax lyrical, (not to mention boring) about the group, their music and What It All Meant to thousands of people, is obvious; especially when you consider their importance and influence throughout the late seventies/early eighties.

That seductive allure of nostalgia and sentimentality is one, though, which defeats the object of The Jam in the first place. They may have been "about" a lot of things — some great music, youth excitement and trust — but as *I* remember it, The Jam always tried to look forward rather than backward and that's the way it should be. Unlike The Who, say, The Jam never bothered with tradition as such, and Paul Weller's decision to break up the band, coupled with the silver line of integrity he always sought in his songs and attitudes, was a prime example of this.

It was this stance that triggered an almost frightening degree of loyalty from his audience, and saw him tagged as a miserable, dour personality simply because he took his music *seriously*. That doesn't matter now. But what his critics failed so patently to realise was that it was this dogged belief, garnered from punk days, that was one fo of the Jam's main attractions. Words like honesty and integrity are words that have no real relevance to the music business, but The Jam tried to breathe life into them and it's one of the over-riding factors on *Dig The New Breed.*

Of course, such theorising is nonsense if there aren't the songs to go with it and *DTNB* has quite a few of those as well. Never that well produced, The Jam always made more sense live simply because their belief and passion could be given proper breathing space on stage. As *DTNB* flits over their career willy-nilly, so the conviction the band displayed onstage holds the package together.

From the brash hardness of *In The City,* culled from speedy 100 Club days to the haunting tenderness of *Ghosts* from Birmingham's massive Bingley Hall, there's a belief and urgency here — a *need* to communicate — that is rarely displayed elsewhere.

In keeping with their policy of never playing past hits, *DTNB* ignores a lot of early material, except for the awful Townshend-influenced *Standards,* and concentrates on the *All Mod Cons* LP and beyond. This is not surprising as The Jam never really came to life till that pivotal LP, exceptions being smart songs like *All Around The World* and *I Got By In Time,* which especially deserves a timely overhaul.

Included, instead, is a slightly ham-fisted version of Eddie Floyd's *Big Bird,* more subtlety, less muscle next time please; rivetting versions of *Set The House Ablaze* and *That's Entertainment* (written in ten minutes, Weller boasts in the sleeve notes, after coming home from the pub pissed one night); rough determined excursions into *Going Underground* and *Dreams Of Children*, a chaotic, bristling "Private Hell" that finishes the LP on an unsettling note: almost an exorcism in a way.

Surprisingly there's no *David Watts* (one of the best Jam songs Weller never wrote), but Beatle-inspired stuff like *It's Too Bad* and relevant lasting songs from Weller's own pen, like the slightly bitter *To Be Someone.*

It is fitting that The Jam should bow out with a live LP, and one that takes a few chances, refuses to fit into the established mould of greatest hits regurgitated ad infinitum. It would also be nice to think that a few other groups, established or otherwise, will follow the example The Jam have set, but I'm too cynical to imagine that happening.

Quite simply, we shan't see their like again for a long time.

PAOLO HEWITT

"Gee, everybody *loves* you when you break up!" (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

DEAD KENNEDYS
Plastic Surgery Disasters
(Statik Records)

When it comes to exposing "the dark shattered underbelly of the American Dream", the Dead Kennedys show a wonderful lack of restraint, hacking away at this terrible myth with every sharpened instrument they can lay their hands on. During the course of this album alone, hardly a facet of the chromium-plated nightmare escapes their rigorous scrutiny.

The government is seen as a kind of super 'flu, clouding up minds and immobilising bodies; careerist kids become terminal preppies who "want a wife with tits who just smiles all the time", in a world filled with "Springsteen and wine".

People escape in cars, *'zip through Ely where Pat Nixon was born/the cops round here sure looking bored/flashing sirens-state patrol/they're scratching up my gorgeous paint job/shooting out my tyres/ain't no way to get to heaven/buzzbomb cornered at the 7-11'.*

Or like *Winnebago Warriors,* they turn to the great outdoors where they *'kill some fish down by the creek/hang their picture by the sink/show your grandson who's the boss'.*

It's a black musical of derision and disgust that culminates in a bitter denouement that strives for the disturbing intensity of *Eraserhead* Like that film's version of an enveloping industrial wasteland ugly and surreal, human existence meanders into a degraded maze of frustration and decay.

In their personal California *'another tanker's hit the rocks/abandoned to spill out its guts/the sand is laced with sticky glops/ o'shimmering moonlight sheen upon/the waves and water clogged with oil/white gasses steam up from the soil/I squash dead fish between my toes/try not to step on any bones/I turn around and I go home'.* Writer Jello Biafra may lack the cruel wit of early Zappa — a smear campaign is never as strong as satire — but his spikey attacks are at least shored up with a hard nosed commitment. Yet the Dead Kennedys are not always short on pointed humour, as their very name testifies, but a simple omission that is their ultimate downfall: musical ideas.

The sad fact is every song on this album is played with the fake manic intensity of Benny Hill punk. A relentless thrash that looks back to a time when shouting out "one two three four!" in a tone of vengeance sounded exciting

How Biafra's obvious intelligence can allow him to do 1977-by-numbers is a mystery compounded by the inclusion of an excellent booklet of his clever collages produced with the help of Winston Smith. By hanging on to the past and assuming this spurious street credible stance he effectively undermines any worthy intentions as the smirks give way to sheer incredulity

At a glance, the lyrics will confirm Biafra is desperately anxious to Communicate. In this guise however, he's already limited his audience by adopting a style that's so absurdly safe it makes him sound as subversive as Mickey Mouse with the Little Red Book and a Mohican haircut

The Dead Kennedys probably think they're dangerous, but how threatening can you be when you've already pushed yourself into a small and increasingly uninteresting corner?

IAN PYE

JAMES WHITE AND THE BLACKS
Sax Maniac
(Animal)

Once White, a New York kid with a quiff and a quiver, was the spiced hot hipster who promised great things, a supercharged gutter rat who could said some, tear into the numbing gloss of funk routine with the savagery of the infidel. The kid was cute, callous and untameable: this had to be a good thing

Maybe it was, though listening to the *Off White* album it wasn't immediately obvious. Beyond the frenzied scrapes of werewolf funk on the title track and the anthemic *Contort Yourself*, there didn't seem to be much going on except for a series of pregnant sketches of the future possible

Still, pleaded the believers, the kid comes alive on stage, and though starved of the experience over here, the ROIR live cassette seemed to back them up. The debacle that occurred when he finally made his British debut is of no particular relevance now and is best forgotten, though his second appearance a couple of weeks later is worth noting.

Backed by a group of slick funk practitioners, White huffed and puffed into the face of a half-empty Venue until the routine fell away into background noise. Any real spit and fury the Blacks/Contortions might have had was now definitely absent

And that, sadly, goes for *Sax Maniac*

The record appears as little more than a series of cyphers proclaiming that "This Is A James White Album — a sleazy girl chorus coos with fake nonchalance, guitars and keyboards skate and collide across the funk-beat, horns punch out a staccato tattoo, while White imitates White — the familiar shapes of his brattish snarls and spewed out sax approaching the dimensions of pastiche.

What this amounts to is "avant-funk-by-numbers" — "dance" music that makes you want to sink into a chair, spontaneity that sounds contrived, dischords that fail to confront or elevate but simply annoy, like a noisy six-year-old.

Working on the principle that if you tell enough people you're a *Sax Maniac* then some will actually believe it, White throws his resources into telling us what his music should be doing *('I just get a kick from twitching', 'Getting ready to blow my stack',* etc) instead of getting down and *doing it.*

Played straight after classic cuts from James Brown (White's — geddit? — major source of inspiration, there's even a *Sax Machine* here), this record sounds like a joke turned sour. Side one, track three, says it all: *Disco Jaded.*

LYNDEN BARBER

BILLY FIELD
Try Biology
(WEA)

. . .In which our favourite tuxedo and his inseparable chum, Tom Price, venture out for another swinging session and hopefully a repeat of 1981's runaway, absolutely-over-the-top success. The *Bad Habits* pattern has been closely followed, i.e. most of the album is harmless indulgence of Field and Price's passion for swing, with a couple of Field's pop ballads to keep the whole thing from floating away in a froth of 'Novelty Act'.

If you liked the first album and can handle a repeat dose, *Try Biology* will hit the spot: in fact, aspects like recording, production and track variety are noticeably improved. No corners have been cut, no nervous economies practised: Billy has gone into the best studios (including Paradise, the one he owns) and spent the right amount of time with the best name musos around Sydney

Unfortunately the charts they've been handed are — like last time — far too often inanely 'club act'. In fact, as another mincing little trumpet line slips into yet another starchy trombone waddle, you start to think "They *must* be joking — this is a sendup of swing band kitsch, right?" (And the strings! God help us: if you served this sort of mush as food, the World Health Organisation would black-ban you) If latter-day wonders like Oliver Nelson, Maynard Ferguson or even Woody Herman are too radical as models, at least Price'n' Field should encourage their various arrangers to knock off the better bits of Ellington and Basie.

Not only are the hot players wasted on these arrangements, but so are some quite snappy songs. Although, as ever, you get recurrent twinges of "I've heard a tune very like this back in the distant past" (the title track being a notable example); it, and numbers like *Fair Go, Too Hot To Handle,* and the whoop'n'holler swing-rock *Party Hound* are well-structured and sung with real style and energy: if only the strings wee thrown in the dumper and the horns given something hot to play the whole affair might take off.

As it is, for me the album's only saving grace, as on Bad Habits, is the non-swing numbers, where Billy plays his own piano, strips off the bow tie, and gives Elton and Leo Sayer a run for their money. *Everything To Me* just manages to rise above the string swamp, but the single, *True Love,* and especially the plaintive *All The Time* show Billy Field at his best. Surely by now he is sufficiently established to do a straight pop album? Albatrosses are *not* being worn round the neck this year. . .

GREG TAYLOR

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THE ANGELS/HITMEN

Trade Union Club, Sydney

A most unusual feeling this. The T.U.C. . .a venue where most bands can sound good and most people can have fun. Never far from the stage, the only aspect that could possibly hamper a good night is overcrowding, which, by the end of the Hitmen's muscle bound set, didn't seem likely.

That's not what caused the funny feeling, though. For a band that eloped O.S. seeking fame and fortune to return and relegate themselves to a merciless pub and club tour at a decidely grassroots level. . .could it be the Angels experiencing a character/confidence failure?

Well, they sure sounded tight, blustery and confident as ever. The sound/light systems were typically perfect and the stage as demented and mobile as expected. The Songs? All the ones an Angel Worshipper wanted to hear and more. The Fans? Well this was the second of a three-night Union stand, and although it was obvious people weren't as interested in turning up as they used to, those who did were still keen to raise the mandatory fist and consequently got quite a show.

Quite a show? Pretentious, boring, fascinating, spectacular, entertaining, loud alright and maybe some. Sure, the crowd thrived on it like an eskimo in snow.

One thing I noticed was the punters were decidely 'grown up'. That makes me wonder if Doc Neeson's gasp/grope theatric appears clever/credible enough to capture a new rank of adoring Angelophiles. A most unusual feeling this. They sure can rock, but it's easy to be cynical because neither Time nor Style stand still. I mean, very nice, but move on, boys, let's see what *else* you can do! But then Angels do live forever, don't they?

STEVE KULAK

Really, Doc — *nobody* takes reviews *that* seriously anymore! (Pic: Mark Green)

THE HITMEN
It is What It Is
(RCA)

This is the second offering from the hard-popping, never-say-die relatives of Radio Birdman. Apart from common influences, that's where the similarity ends. Birdman were derivative to the core, although to an unsuspecting Oz audience who knew nothing of Detroit, they were an almost original and very uncompromising powerpack, never really transcending cult status even at the peak of their short-lived subversion.

Chris Masuak must have appreciated more than most the importance of a new attitude. It is evident on this album, but without sounding too deliberately critical (read: cruel), it fails. The most noticeable weakness is ultimately due to outside pressures. A band like the Hitmen need a production sound that leaps, rants, raves, grunts and groans. Sure, it may all come across too 'dirty' for radio, but credibility and a sincere sweat are surely more important at this stage of the band's development.

The Brown and Dunlop production is so pristine and polished, dainty and out-of-context, it hurts. Another criticism, without mentioning too many, must surely be the songs themselves, which too often (lyrically) read like bad poetry suffering more beneath arrangements that shuffle, shift and stop without actually going anywhere. *No Clue* is the album highlight, only because it's simple, unpretentious and it *rocks* with Kannis's voice in fine Stooge inflexion.

This is a rock'n'roll band who, in the spirit of Detroit '68, should only be concerned with sweat and devil-may-care dementia. What's wrong with a whole side of classic covers like *Shake (Some Action)* et al done from the electric heart anyway? Who needs *Bwana Devil* or *Shadow Realm*. . .? They certainly aren't Hitmen fodder. Guess I can't *Pay Up or Shut Up*, so like good Zen, I'll let the album title say it all.

STEVE KULAK

JOHN MARTYN
Well Kept Secret
(WEA)

The only positive thing I can say about this album is YES, it should have been a Well Kept Secret. Many years ago I bumped into a Martyn solo performance at a small concert hall in Wollongong and have been delighted with anything he's done since. It was the most enlightening/engrossing guitar experience. Unfortunately, this album is relevant only in the sense that it could quite possibly be the first in chronicling the decline of an otherwise extraordinary artist.

From humble folk roots, John Martyn (together with Pentangle bassist, Danny Thompson) developed an electro-acoustic hybrid that defied categorisation. Its sensibility was grounded in an intense coupling of emotional lyricism and sensitive musicianship, which evolved into an exquisite technical stylisation of man (through voice) and instrument (through sound) which has yet to find imitators.

Excluding some fairly ordinary folk albums, all up to *One World* are startingly absorbing and have much to recommend them, as splendidly mood evocative as they are musically fascinating. So what happened here? This album is nothing short of a 'troubled stab at relevance', which falls far short of the desired level of synthesised pop/rock sophistication. It still exhibits Martyn's quirky emotional bent and near wrenching honesty, starting off with his usual elastic pulse *(It Could've Been Me)*, moving to the very beautiful *Hung Up*, and then there's. . .nothing.

Side two is a techno-pop sidestreet of overworked rhythms and stale themes better travelled by scores of others more comfortable in the genre. Dense, busy production and disco-pop. . .NO! Sure as emotional biography, it's typical of the man but the idiom is wrong. I only hope his love of alcohol and whatever doesn't clutter the man's future stylistic adventurism.

STEVE KULAK

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Mushroom Evolution Concert
(Mushroom)

Confession time: I was not at the Mushroom Evolution Concert in Melbourne last Australia Day weekend. For a long while, after hearing constant raves, I wish I had been and felt deeply peeved that at the time I didn't have the necessary moolah for the trek down south. Now after listening to some of the concert's supposed best moments on this three-record disc, I don't feel so perturbed.

Gleaming through the reams of self-glorification inside the cover, it appears that the talent is there, the right vibrant songs look to be in abundance, and there seems to be enough excitement on and in front of the stage to have any Pavlov's Dog frothing.

Really, who could not resist seeing Matt Taylor with a paper bag on his head to sing the *'Na Na Na Na'* chorus in Madder Lake's *12 lb Toothbrush*, or Russell Morris playing on keyboardist Bruce Haymes' shoulders, or Steve Cummings informing the crowd that it was McDonald's tenth birthday, or FJ Holden in his famous leopard skin suit, or Angry Anderson threatening to go over the 8.30 pm curfew at the Myer Music Bowl by playing an extra verse of *Johnny B. Goode?*

Who could? Thus a fine time bopping in the suburban bunker seemed assured. But where is all that magic as the needle weaves deeper on its weary path? After a stirring start with Billy Miller of Ferrets' fame ripping through a raunchy rendition of *She Took My Heart*, mundanity slowly creeps in. This is due to too many tunes having spirit but little else, while there are an abundance of 'fillers': songs that should have been given the scrub, but somehow made their way in.

Instead, the producers of this mass of justified self-indulgence should have been a little less ambitious. With enormous culling they could have come up with an outstanding single album.

Obligatory tunes are: *She Took My Heart* — Billy Miller and the Great Blokes; *Other Places* — MEO 245; *Don't Let Go* — Kevin Borich Express; *Hand Me Down* — Paul Kelly; *Love and Devotion* — Jo Jo Zep; *Happy Birthday IBM* — Models; *Yes Indeed* — The Rock Doctors; *12 lb Toothbrush* — Madder Lake; *In The Heat Of The Night* — Russell Morris; *Black And Blue* — Chain; *Sitting In Limbo* — Renee Geyer, and Broderick Smith's go at *Stand By Me*.

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GREG GROWDEN

SAFEHOUSE
Safehouse
(Au Fait Records — 4-track EP)

Safehouse are one of the better examples of the new post-punk bands currently playing around Melbourne. With only a couple of dozen gigs behind them, they have impressed audiences with their kinetic, high energy performances and their clever arrangements which put them head and shoulders above most of their contemporaries.

While Safehouse generate excitement onstage, they are also very, very inexperienced, as the transition to recording shows. Their sound, still in its infancy, is too derivative to warrant genuine enthusiasm. Theirs is a singular urban rock sound, man, with all the appropriate nods of respect to the Velvets, the Cure and Melbourne's own shining saints, The Birthday Party (singer Sebastian Harvey is Mick's younger bruvver).

While they don't exactly resort to plagiarism, this EP is a glaring example of a band recorded far too prematurely, long before they had anything distinctive to offer. A pity; six months of solid gigs. . .refining and perfecting their sound (dare I say "paying their dues?") and this would have been a different proposition — something to herald an exciting new band.

Underneath The Ice is an impressive mood song with some distinctive, lyrical guitar work from Andrew Skabar and Harvey adding texture on the vocal track, over a very steady rhythm section. *Celebration* and *The Things That You Say* are fairly standard songs that use jagged rhythms to good effect, but are marred by thin production.

Safehouse was recorded mid-way through last year, and as such doesn't really represent where the band now stands. They have since evolved into a much more formidable unit, and maybe this EP will serve as a fitting milestone for their more dedicated fans.

JOHN DI MASE

UB40
UB44
(Virgin)

For a group who, according to their press releases, could not play their instruments until a few years ago, UB40 have had a cataclysmic, if somewhat unbelievable rise.

The eight unemployed Birmingham luds may not have known much about chords and quavers when they started, but they sure knew a lot about rock'n'roll psyche and persuasion. They grabbed the mainstream market with a cunning synthesis of toned down, cool reggae and meaty lyrics. Calypso-tinged, and coupled with a distinctive brassy sound, their mould was immediately accessible in a musical genre that can so often grate and bore.

This was evidenced by the impact of their first outstanding product, *Signing Off*. Ranted about by countless critics, it more importantly put a form of reggae, albeit slightly mellower than usual, into many alien households — undeniably one of the most refreshing and infectious albums for quite a few turns. It breezed magically, while trading on the obligatory cutting anti-establishment lyrics. Their second album, *Present Arms*, continued the tried formula, and although not as successful as its forerunner, had enough substance to keep half-converts rolling their way.

Again, there is little straying out of line on *UB44*. The emphasis is still on cool rhythms, socially-aware words and soothing sax. In some ways, this both helps and hinders enjoyment of the songs. One particularly pleasing aspect is Brian Travers' tenor and alto sax work, and Astro's trumpeting. On *UB44*, they are afforded plenty of scope to display their versatile skills. On *The Prisoner*, Travers sets a ghostly mood underlined by a stirring bass line, while the range of the horn section is exemplified by *Love Is All (Is Alright)*.

The band's subtlety in its use of opposites is one of its most alluring features, both musically and lyrically. Gentle, almost soporific vocals from Astro and brothers Robin and Ali Campbell at first suggest serenity, but swirling beneath are lyrics that sting and provoke. For one, the somewhat soothing rhythms of *I Won't Close My Eyes* steer immediate attention away from the the underlying theme of suffering and injustice. This is common of many songs, where often the words are couched in twisted irony.

These spokesmen for downtrodden youth take digs at working life, politicians, mixed-up morality: it may be nothing new, but the sentiments are worth mulling over, as they define their perspective.

In the end result, *UB44* has sufficient breadth of content to promise something even stronger from this extremely talented bunch in the near future. The wait starts here

GREG GROWDEN

WHITESNAKE
Saints & Sinners
(Liberty)

So! Jimmy Page is *not* the new Whitesnake guitarist, and a nation groans its disappointment.

I *mean*, Coverdale wailing and ranting, Uncle Cozy Powell decimating dustbins *and* the great Jimbo strutting his stuff all in one band — the mere thought of it is enough to puncture your pimples.

Sadly, David has chosen to rebuild his troops around lesser mortals, albeit giants in their own sphere, with Bernie Marsden and Micky Moody working out as only demons can in the old scorching axework department, and Jon Lord presiding majestically over a bank of keyboards roughly the size of Ben Nevis. The dry ice is billowing out of the gramophone in seconds.

Yet despite such grandiose trimmings, Whitesnake are a people's band. I know this because the expansive press release which accompanies this lurid package tells me so. One can therefore assume that "people" have "French kiss mouths" and "bodies full of much obliged", they live in a world dominated by skin-tight jeans and rampaging sex maniacs, and communicate in great heaving grunts that suggest a severe outbreak of constipation has overtaken the country. A strange crew, "people".

It would be invidious to compare this rejuvenated Whitesnake with the old classics — not least because I've never heard any of them — but I do know that David Coverdale has come to represent the outer extremes of metal music, and is now therefore the epitome of the HM cliche. The whole moronic, sexist, aged, cynical saga — which its supporters claim to be cheap shot criticisms and mere incidentals in the main celebratory function of destroying brick walls with foreheads.

The total idiocy of the Great British Public seems to know no bounds and will doubtless insist on condoning this latest outrage on music, allowing Coverdale to recycle hackneyed riffs and tired themes like "Rock & Roll Angels", "Victim Of Love" and "Rough'n'Ready", and bawling out lines like, *'All of you women better lift up your skirts and run/Cos I aim to shoot my pistol an' fire like a Gatlin gun' — (Rough'n'Ready)*. He's such a sensitive boy that one.

The amazing revelation out of all this is the woeful lack of conviction in Coverdale's singing. He gives the lungs a good beating, but presented with even the vaguest suggestion of formidable blues to get his teeth into like *Crying In The Rain* and *Saints & Sinners*, he's quickly swamped by the mundane barrage around him.

Only one track — *Here I Go Again* — displays an ounce of wit or imagination, consciously building into an epic (and sounding suspiciously like a Rod Stewart track in the process), instead of attempting to blast you into submission from the opening bell and running out of steam in the initial flurry.

(continued page 30)

DESPERATE

the album

Dwïnyls

featuring:

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Inept garbage like *Rock'n'Roll Angels* and *Dancing Girls*, however, quickly destroy any suggestion of sympathy the track may have aroused.

Is it all a lucrative wind-up David? Are you going to leap out of your skintights and yell "Suckers!"? Do you really have a heart of gold? Are you kind to animals?

And — most crucial question of all — *was yosser Hughes the first headbanger?*

COLIN IRWIN

MUSICAL YOUTH
Youth Of Today
(MCA)

The great thing about Musical Youth is that they don't present themselves as gormless lickle youngsters or try to put old mens' words in young mouths and become the conscience of the nation. There's a pride and natural exuberance in the delights and preoccupations of youth — looking for grub, visiting your granny and a healthy interest in the opposite sex. If they're puppets it's very hard to see the strings: the voices are rich and strong enough to establish a definite style and confidence of their own. In their way, bringing things to their knee-high perspective, they paradoxically dispose with the pretence of a generation gap once and for all.

Heartbreaker, which follows the immediate fun and fundamentals of *Pass The Dutchie*, is their crispest and most effective straight song, a melody sung with a smooth, warming vocal and punctuated by cheeky rhythm chops. There're two damp moments elsewhere — *Blind Boy* which echoes the sentiment of The Specials' *Message To You Rudy* in the most cringing fashion, and the utopian platitudes of *Children Of Zion* — before they get down to some serious child's play. Like *Rockers — 'I like coffee and I love tea/I love the girls when dem a mad over me/Say I like coffee when it well milky/Bong biddle biddle diddle bong hey!'*, or *Youth Today*, with similar rhyme and reason. A lot of the time they sing about girls; sometimes the romance is sweet but mostly the innuendo is thinly veiled and very dirty: *'Ca say when I was five I just kiss it in a shed/But now me turn eleven me do it in a bed. . .' (Rub'n'Dub)*.

At its best, this music has the flash and invention of the late '60s ska groups like The Skatilites, The Flames or Jackie Mittoo; at its worst it still delivers a hearty boot to the bottom of an ailing industry and a sagging musical form.

For a group whose average age is about 13, *Youth Of Today* is a very accomplished record, and they aren't serving up material that's bland or spineless. It's the voice of all those kids who go out and get mucked up on the building site and tend to come home, get put on a Persil advert and forgotten about. It's cute, energetic, irreverent and you don't need an eleven-plus to enjoy it.

GAVIN MARTIN

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
The Distance
(Capitol)

The recent US chart successes of Springsteen, Geils and relative newcomer John Cougar demonstrate that American worship of the great god Raaack'n'Rawl continues undiminished.

And now the Big Daddy of the early '70s wave challenges us to go *'The Distance'*.

Assisted by a few good ol' boys and a host of session heavyweights, *The Distance* shows Bob returning to his old form after a somewhat lacklustre spell. And the essence of his "old form" is rough-hewn sentimentality. It's also sentimentality that finds room in my heart (though seldom on my turntable) for this big beat of a man who has kept the faith for so long. In the same way, I'll applaud Jerry Lee Lewis or Ronnie Hawkins without actually feeling the need to listen to their recent output. I'm just glad they're still around.

The album is well-paced and evenly balanced between rockers and weepies. *Even Now* kicks off magnificently, an epic paean to the girl who's keepin' Bob straight and strong. With a mighty Spectoresque backbeat and the E. Street Band's Roy Bittan playing stirring piano, you can shut your eyes and almost hear the Boss himself. Side two's *Roll Me Away* is similarly Springsteenian, and adds another mile to Bob's endless road.

On Rodney Crowell's *Shame On The Moon*, Seger contemplates the ineffable mysteries of Love whilst crying into his Jack Daniels, but goes cringingly over the top on *Love's The Last To Know*, which is so schmaltzy as to rot your teeth.

The gung-ho *Makin' Thunderbirds* boogies down memory lane to his Detroit background. But compare it to another song with a similar theme — Captain Beefheart singing Jack Nitzsche and Ry Cooder's *Hard Workin' Man* from Paul Schrader's movie *Blue Collar* — and Seger's soft centre is revealed. Too often he slips into the sugary homespun wisdom of a country hack, unrelieved by that genuinely exhilarating r'n'b treatment as favoured by, say, Johnnie Taylor in his Stax days.

Fortunately the lows are outnumbered by the highs. Seger deals with cliches, but with great gusto and not a little invention, such as inspires one of the album's best tracks, *House Behind A House*. Powered by Russ Kunkel's consistently excellent drumming, Bob's breast-beating voice and keening harmonies counterpoint a grunting guitar riff to create a sense of mounting excitement, and saxophonist Alto Reed's fruity King Curtis/Junior Walker retread solos ice the cake of old-fashioned rock'n'roll celebration.

Hidebound for sure, but its heart beats loud and proud.

MAT SNOW

(Most of) Musical Youth (Pic: US/AB/LFI)

JOHN CALE
Music For A New Society
(Ze)

A stronger, *loving world. . .* The fulcrum of John Cale's work is its granite paradox, a loathsome ugliness garbed in the colours of rhapsody. Cale's abiding passion for Brian Wilson's music and his unwillingness to abandon his classical leanings make his recordings things of beauty — but beauty bloodied by arbitrary terrors, old guerilla violence, insanities.

Having assembled an outstanding group for *Honi Soit*, one of the great lost records of 1981, Cale has abruptly disbanded it, returned to Island via Ze and made a record that mocks most of the happy, zippy sounds emanating from that base. Although *Music For A New Society* credits eight persons as accompanying musicians, it stands principally as a solo recital. Cale crouches at piano or organ and pronounces his diagnoses in that huge stentorian tenor. The conservatory's walls imprison the echoes.

It's difficult — it's *enormously* difficult. It might have been expected from a master ironist that music for a new society turns out to resemble a series of requia. Songs begin to take form and crack and dissolve like angels of icing. There is no hopeful circumlocution. When, halfway through the second side, *Changes Made* seems about to give birth to the optimism of a fresh world, the following *Damn Life* breaks it down again.

It would be unbearable — parts of it are, particularly the sluggish agonies of *Santies* — if not for Cale's elegiac touch. It's a heartless gesture to include a snatch from Beethoven's *Ode To Joy* during *Damn Life*, but compassion finally overtakes despondency. The people in Cale's world are blind and sorrowful creatures destined for unpleasant ends, yet he is at pains to stress that it needn't be so. In the extraordinary lyricism distilled in *Taking Your Life In Your Hands*, the cautionary *Close Watch* or the frozen beauty of *Broken Bird*, the point of the music takes hold — from these lessons something better should come forth.

The atmosphere of baroque meditation renders it a half-brother to Nico's *Desertshore*, which Cale also produced. The final frame is *Rise, Sam* and *Rimsky-Korsakov*, a tiny and ghostly lament sung by Cale in a manner that actively recalls *Desertshore's Le Petit Chevalier*. It sinks out of sight to fit in with a world wound down. . . *to die in.*

RICHARD COOK

NEIL YOUNG
Trans
(Geffen)

It has been pointed out that in the end we are all alone. The great thing about Neil Young is that he recognised the fact from the start.

Neil Young — The Computer Cowboy?

in his classic style. Side one blasts off with the raucous *Little Thing Called Love*, a boozy country rocker spearheaded by blazing slide guitar. With wicked impertinence, Young juggles with effortless chord sequences and flawless vocal harmonies.

Hold On To Your Love is smoother, using simple piano and steel guitar to construct a pop song so seductive you have to laugh. Palpable hit single material.

Moving on to *Silicon Valley*, Young has graded his microchip workouts with considerable cunning. *Computer Cowboy* is basically a heavy guitar riff plus synths and vocoder. The ancient Buffalo Springfield song *Mr Soul* has been converted into a stomping juggernaut of twisted metal and protesting circuitry.

More explicit are *Sample And Hold* and the haunting *Transformer Man*, both custom-built for and by the new tech. *Sample And Hold* is a solitary saga of love between man and mechanism, a soundtrack for *Blade Runner*.

Young, unrecognisably vocodered, plays the lonely citizen ordering his new android partner — *'I need a unit to sample and hold/ But, not the lonely one, a new design. . .'* Sci-fi fantasy or apartment block fact?

Transformer Man is a sweet and simple tune using none of Young's usual tools. Voices are all synthetic, no guitars. Lyrics are hard to decipher, but it's as affecting and lucid a song as Young has written. It's no coincidence, presumably, that the melody resembles a reworking of Kraftwerk's *Computer World*.

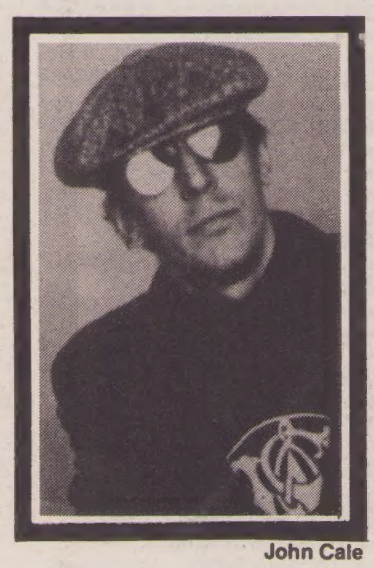
The song also bears out some remarks Young made in an interview in an American paper a couple of months back, where he appalled his Woodstock-generation interviewer by disowning most of his early-Seventies hippy output and asserting that he felt as comfortable with a roomful of electronic gadgets as he ever did with an acoustic guitar. *'We are in control'*, he sings elsewhere on *Trans*. Young sheds another skin.

So as '83 kicks off, the Loner slips through another dimension, grasps the new age of leisure technology with a child's wonder, then holds science's mirror up to nature with the knowing eyes of a veteran.

Like all Young's best records, *Trans* is alive with the strain of transition/transmission and the heady rush of dawning recognition.

That doesn't mean it's perfect or complete. It just means it's the year's first milestone.

ADAM SWEETING



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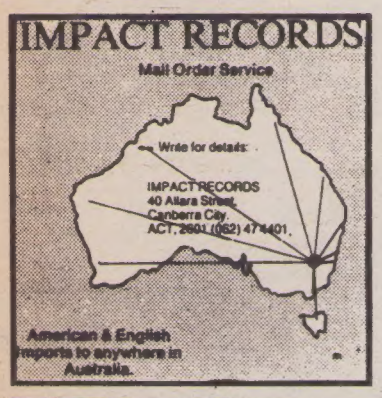

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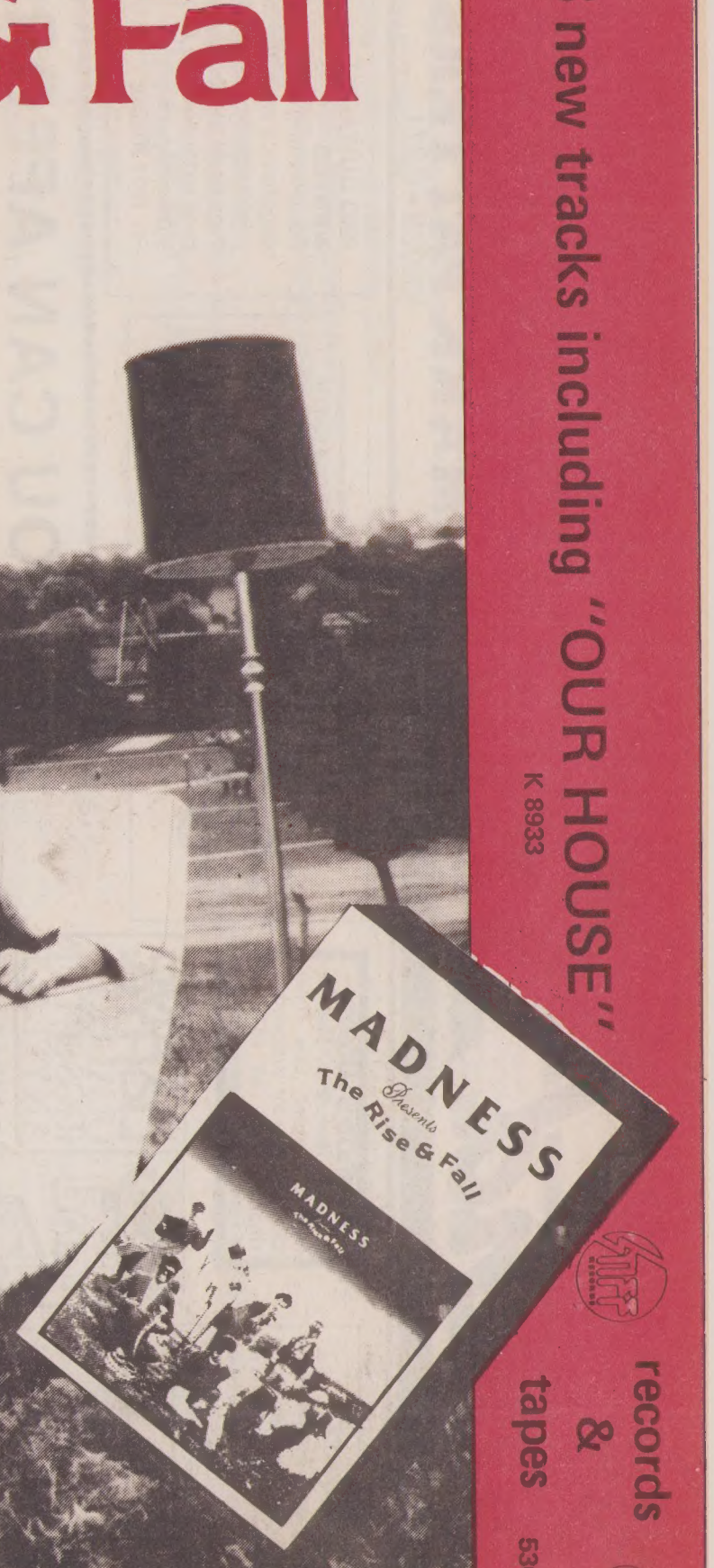

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